

DECEMBER 18, 1943

AMERICA

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DETROIT

PFC JOHN DOE HEARS ABOUT PLANS FOR POSTWAR JOBS

John P. Delaney

The Power of the Priests

Andrew W. Case

Restoring Christmas to Christ

Auleen B. Eberhardt

A Glass for Tomorrow's World

Orlando A. Battista

FERRETING OUT FALANGISTS: WILD-GOOSE CHASE IN MEXICO

Alfonso Junco

EDITORIALS:

TEHERAN

SOLDIER
VOTES

VITAL
SERVICE

HOLD
THAT LINE

ANNUAL
WAGE
DEMANDS

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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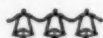
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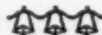
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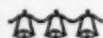
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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 18, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

JOHN P. DELANEY continues the reflections of Pfc John Doe regarding postwar employment, begun in the issues of December 4 and 11. In this article Father Delaney tells of the planning being done by a number of communities to ensure that John Doe will come back to a job—and that the American way will be maintained. . . . ANDREW W. CASE presents the Case history of the power of the priests over one inquisitive and venturesome small-town American boy. Mr. Case, a convert who started life in Peru, Indiana, has been Professor of Fine Arts, Department of Architecture, at Penn State for the past seventeen years. . . . AILEEN B. EBERHARDT, like millions of others, feels it is time to give Christmas back to Christ. Unlike the other millions, she has a definite program to effect the change. Mrs. Eberhardt, a housewife and mother, lives in Dubuque, Iowa, and has contributed to a number of Catholic publications. . . . ALFONSO JUNCO, Mexican poet and author of a number of prose books, contributes an answer to Allan Chase's recent *Falange: The Axis Secret Army in the Americas*, in the hope that it may counteract the harm Mr. Chase's book may do to Good-Neighbor relations. . . . ORLANDO A. BATTISTA, in another of his interesting explorations of the world of tomorrow, looks through the many-angled developments of glass—brightly. . . . SISTER LEO GONZAGA, S. C. of L., who teaches at St. Mary College, Leavenworth, Kansas, contributes another of her articles on using the Bible for instruction and inspiration in literature courses. Her initial article on this topic appeared in these columns in the issue of December 6, 1941.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Press Flurry. On the head of Elmer Davis, Director of the Office of War Information, fell the fury of press resentment over the news fiasco at Cairo and Teheran. In the former case, British-owned Reuters substantially, if not technically, violated the deadline set by the participating Governments. The official Moscow radio jumped the gun on the Teheran Conference, breaking the news several days ahead of time. In both instances the press vituperated Mr. Davis, threw brickbats in the general direction of his office in Washington's crowded Social Security Building. While the resentment was justified, the choice of a target was not. Since going to Washington, Mr. Davis has had many obstacles to contend with. The Armed Services, especially the Navy, have been consistently un-cooperative. The Congress has been mostly hostile, sometimes in a petulant, exasperating way. The President—well, Mr. Davis was among the absent at Quebec, Cairo and Teheran. Despite these and other handicaps, the former CBS newscaster has struggled to give the American people an objective picture of the war, and not without some success. The OWI stories on aircraft and inflation were only the best in a series of factual, informative and well-written reports. Among the many Americans who have sacrificed large salaries to serve their Government during the war, Mr. Davis is conspicuous for loyalty and competence. For the bungling at Cairo and Teheran, throw the dead cats at somebody else's door.

This Argentina Business. Let's write down Argentina as quite definitely uncooperative with our Inter-American solidarity and leave things there. They have stopped a deal of secret communication with Germany and Japan. They have not broken relations with those enemies of ours. Why not? That is all a complicated business, a mixture of fear, self-interest, nationalism and local crisis. In former days Argentina stood at the head of South America. The emergence of Brazil, and our help to other republics there, has operated to retard its headship. Argentines have a special problem in politics, the middle classes obtaining powers that the aristocracy of wealth or family earlier controlled. Communism is more dreaded than ever, especially since Mr. Oumansky came to Mexico. Hot differences over the war unsettled government. All this led to the Ramirez *coup d'etat*. A certain Father Wilkinson, a close friend and advisor of General Ramirez, is a center of much contention—and propaganda in our newspapers. On the advice of the Cardinal in Buenos Aires, he has moved out of the capital and now resides in the suburb of Campo Mayo. He is no Fascist, contrary to the impression gained by our officials there. But his actions have made people think that the Church

puts its official stamp on the present regime of force. This conclusion is unwarranted by the facts. As Argentina stands behind a wall of censorship working both ways, we should do well to wait a while before condemning all its acts.

Quality Controls. Back in 1939, Stanley Poniatowski customarily paid a dollar for three pairs of socks. The socks were serviceable and suited Stanley's frugal tastes. Today he finds it hard to buy socks at the old price and, when he does discover some, he quickly learns that something has gone out of them. They wear only about half as long as they used to. In like manner, Mrs. Poniatowski is having consumer headaches. She can scarcely find any of the three- and four-dollar dresses she used to fancy; and when she does, they are hardly worth buying. She agrees vigorously with the retailer who recently told a reporter that lower-price dresses "were so poorly made and so cheap looking that his store had not risked stocking them." As for putting decent clothes on the backs of her six children, Mrs. Poniatowski has long since succumbed to despair. "Just try to find a pair of boys' corduroy trousers or a shirt selling for less than a dollar," she bitterly protests to Stanley. And Stanley explains patiently, as he has done many times before, that manufacturers are evading price controls by cheapening quality and dropping most of their low-price items. And when Mrs. Poniatowski flares up and says why doesn't the OPA do something about it, he replies that it has tried, but that some people claim that quality-controls destroy the traditional way of doing business, and are even Communistic, and that Congress thinks so, too. What Mrs. Poniatowski says to that is not exactly lady-like, and we shall not print it here.

Propaganda Fodder. In the October 16 issue, this Review reported the publication in England of a new Penguin Special by H. G. Wells, a diatribe against the Catholic Church. "What," we asked, "if a copy were obtained by the Nazis and circulated as the viewpoint of the United Nations?" Recent Nazi broadcasts have fully justified this concern. According to the London *Catholic Herald*, this is what the Berlin radio said on Nov. 12, after the bombing of the Vatican:

When the Penguin Series, which is the most widely distributed book service in England and receives its quota of paper from the British Government, finances this publication, it is obvious that it is part of the official British policy and presumably reflects the mind of the anti-Christian plutocratic ruling clique in London. The Vatican has been bombed. Further comment would be superfluous. . . . According to Wells, the Pope reigns over a mere 50,000,000 semi-literate people and over a further 126,000,000 of the less intelligent and cultured. The present war could be called a fight of the civilized

world to disengage itself from the Catholic octopus. . . . When such things can be printed with the approval and encouragement of British officials . . . how can there be any doubt that the bombs on the Vatican were of British origin? . . . For the British, the Catholic Church is a possible instrument of imperial policy and, as is their wont, they alternate endearments and coaxing with a touch of the bombing whip in order to arrive at a satisfactory solution. I recommend all U. S. Catholic listeners to turn up H. G. Wells' poison pamphlet, *Cruz Ansata*, which was published in the Penguin Library at a modest price, thus ensuring the circulation and the greatest possible effectiveness of this piece of British propaganda.

The reference to American Catholics is significant. We are informed that no American edition of the book has been issued to date. But there are other publications in our country that a Nazi propagandist could use just as effectively.

Economic Democracy. Costa Rica enjoys a model code of industrial relations. On August 26 of this year this progressive Central American republic put into effect something new in owner-labor organization. News now comes of a striking development in spreading economic democracy in that country. A great sugar-mill enterprise, the Ingenio Victoria, had been taken over from its German owners by the State. The Banco Nacional held it in trust. Then, on October 24, this public institution offered to convert the sugar industry into a Cooperative. Every worker in the mill concern was offered shares worth one hundred *colones* each, one-fourth to be paid at once and three-fourths to be bought through the annual income due to each member of the Cooperative. No one may own more than two per cent of the entire capital of 2,500,000 *colones*. The Banco Nacional will service the financial holding until it is cleared. That same day the governing board of local share-holders was formed, and the Cooperative began to operate. There will be no absentee ownership; only those within the limits of the sugar-cane field may own the shares. The entire transaction was committed to the direction of the brilliant governor of the Banco Nacional, Don Julio Peña, whose integrity matches his professional skill. The tale points its moral for our own country.

Culture in Khaki. Commando tactics, judo training and all the other rough arts of modern war are bound to brutalize the men, we have been told; we have even indulged the dire thought that youthful mobism may boom as a result. But other little hopeful signs appear at times; signs that the soldiers still remember and yearn for the more gracious things, that they still prefer a piano-string vibrating in a lovely chord to one used to sever a foe's jugular. When the Metropolitan Opera opened its Diamond Jubilee season this past month in New York, the first customer in line was a corporal who, in peace time, used to attend a hundred operas a year and stand through them all. He has not missed an opening in fifteen years, and arrived at 4:30 A.M. to be at this one. Ninth in line was a first-class private, all the way from Kansas. And re-

sponding to a letter from Sunday-school pupils who promised him their prayers, General Eaker, of the Eighth Air Force, matched their quotation from Clovis with one from Vergil's Eclogues. Pictures of our doughboys feeding Italian infants show that even war cannot curdle too long the milk of human kindness. There is a famous advertisement that reads: "Tough, but oh! so gentle." We like to think it's that way with the troops.

Sailors Miss Mass. They do, they miss it very much because they have come to realize more deeply what it is and what it means to them. That, at least, is the report a Navy Chaplain gives us. He has been on a carrier that has seen action off North Africa, off Norway, all over the Atlantic. He knows his men well, all 2,400 of them, and he knows the men of his task force, and he states flatly that the sailors want Mass and miss it when they cannot have it. Here is a stirring picture he gives: a task force at anchor; only one of the ships with a Catholic Chaplain; no ship large enough to accommodate all the Catholic men; word is sent out that Mass will be said at such-and-such a time on the Chaplain's ship; if all the men who want Mass will kneel for the half-hour at the specified time, facing the Mass-ship, they may consider that they have heard Mass. Moralists may boggle at this—was there sufficient "moral presence" for the men really to have heard Mass? But what a glorious sight! On every ship of the fleet Catholic men knelt the half hour, facing the ship where Christ was offering Himself for them—and doing it gladly, for they missed Him.

Indian Affairs Survey. The American Association on Indian Affairs has issued its first number of a regular monthly magazine, entitled *The American Indian*. One of the functions of the Association is the analysis of legislation pertaining to the Indian and his property and rights. With regard to one piece of current legislation, *The American Indian* passes a severe judgment. This is the Senate survey report (S-310) on the appeal for appropriations for 1944 of the present Commissioner on Indian Affairs. The report is signed by Senators Thomas of Oklahoma, Wheeler of Montana, Chavez of New Mexico, and Shipstead of Minnesota. According to the Association:

This report . . . is a vicious document filled with sweepingly destructive recommendations against Indian rights, inaccurate statements and appalling errors.

[The report] adopts the typically abusive attitude of the pressure groups that would destroy our American Indian minority in a truly dictatorial manner.

The report's recommendations have not yet taken the shape of a Congressional bill, but there is always the possibility they may do so. The mere fact that a responsible organization, like the Association just mentioned, utters such a sharp indictment does not necessarily imply that its criticisms are wholly justified. It does, however, imply that a critical eye should be kept upon the report and its possible sequels. Some of our leading missionaries, working among the Indians in the Southwest, have

privately expressed their concern at the mentality revealed by the signatories of the report.

Management Salaries. An independent study of reports made to the Security and Exchange Commission by 120 corporations devoted almost wholly to war work reveals that their officials are in no danger of going over the hill to the poor house. From 1940 to April 8, 1942, when wages and salaries were curbed by Executive Order, salaries of management leaped sensationally. Once the war contracts came pouring in, a certain corporation discovered that one of its executives was worth 3,700 per cent more than he was paid in 1940. While this was an exceptional case, increases ranging from 25 per cent to 100 per cent were commonplace. The total paid to 2,010 individuals in these 121 corporations amounted to \$41,983,000 in 1940. In 1942, 2,085 individuals received \$51,657,000. This raise of approximately \$10,000,000 comes to an average increase of about 20 per cent per individual. Nor do these figures tell the whole story, since they do not include such additional compensation "as contributions to pension funds and the awarding or exercising of options to purchase company stock at less than market prices." According to the report, no attempt was made to slant the study, and the companies studied were selected at random. It should be added that in many instances higher taxes left the executives little better off than they were before. Which is only fair.

Best Children's Book. Because "it is in the Catholic tradition of respect and warm affection for gracious family life," and because of its many other excellences, Mairin Cregan's story of an Irish family, *Rathina* (Macmillan), was awarded, on December 8 in New York, the second annual Downey Award for "the finest American children's book written in the Catholic tradition" in 1942. This annual award, made by the Pro Parvulis Book Club in honor of its founder, the Rev. Francis X. Downey, S.J., emphasizes the work of the Club, which is to bring to children, from the earliest reading years up to high-school graduation, the finest in juvenile reading. That such reading has an incalculable influence on the child's mind and soul was illustrated admirably by Maisie Ward in her address on the role that fairy tales and *Robinson Crusoe* played in Chesterton's imaginative and moral growth. The Minister from Eire, the Honorable Robert Brennan, receiving the award for Miss Cregan, emphasized in his turn the importance of good reading for the youngsters as a safeguard against the trash which he expressed surprise at seeing still on the news-stands, in view of the so-called paper shortage. We might have assured Mr. Brennan that Catholic children, to some extent, at least, have not fallen into the trap of trashy reading, for *Rathina* is a tale their ballots proved very popular. But we would have been obliged to admit, at the same time, that too few Catholic children (and schools) know of the fine Pro Parvulis selections. Is Pro Parvulis too quiet, or are the schools and children too deaf?

UNDERSCORINGS

HIS Holiness, Pope Pius XII, will broadcast his Christmas peace message to the world, in spite of the German occupation of Rome. His Midnight Mass in Saint Peter's will also be shortwaved, according to *Religious News Service*, but because of curfew conditions the Mass will take place several hours before its regular time.

► A Vatican radio announcement reveals that the Papal Nunciature in Berlin was destroyed in recent air raids on that city. The Nuncio, Archbishop Cesare Orsenigo, was uninjured.

► Vatican statistics, reported by the N. C. W. C. *News Service*, enumerate sixty-one religious communities of men in the Church and 732 of women. Among the latter, there are seventy-nine in the United States. The total membership of the communities of men is 109,656. The Sisterhoods have 586,646 members, among whom the Daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul number 43,525 throughout the world. There are 26,303 in the largest community of men.

► Current food shortages in Italy seriously hamper seminary life. Cardinal Schuster of Milan has appealed to his diocese to help keep his 1,400 seminarians from starvation.

► In a statement by the Canadian Bishops' Committee for Social Action, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, acting as spokesman, reviewed the influence of recent pronouncements in our country and his, by religious leaders who spoke on the principles of a Just Peace. "The Church," he said, "claims the right to a voice, and offers eagerly to lend a hand in the building of the new world which must follow the war." He emphasized "the Christian principles to which we owe all that is best in our civilization and without which neither liberty nor democracy can survive."

► Rev. Luiz M. Brugada, Director of the Apostleship of the Sea in Spain, and a devoted worker for the good of sailors, died lately in Barcelona.

► In Ireland the Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, His Eminence Joseph Cardinal MacRory, presided at a special Mass for American troops in Saint Patrick's Cathedral at Armagh. Though he desired none but Irish troops in Ireland, he told our soldiers that if other troops must come, none were more welcome in Ireland than the troops of the United States. Meanwhile the Bishop of Clogher, Most Rev. Eugene O'Callaghan, opened the first diocesan agricultural college in Ireland, in a ceremony at Monaghan.

► In London Mr. H. G. Wells walked out on a scheduled luncheon debate with a priest who had accepted his invitation to discuss the bad history in Wells' recent *Cruz Ansata*.

► On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception the Most Rev. Jules B. Jeanmard, Bishop of Lafayette, Louisiana, celebrated the silver jubilee of his own consecration and of the beginning of his diocese.

► The returning refugee ship *Gripsholm* brought back from Japanese internment ninety-three missionaries, of whom eighty-five were Catholic priests, nuns and brothers.

THE NATION AT WAR

THE recent conference at Cairo announced the proposed intensification of the war against Japan. One way of doing this would be to attack southeast Asia, now dominated by the Japanese.

A large Allied force has assembled in India under Lord Louis Mountbatten, who commands on land and sea and in the air. This threatens the Japanese in Burma, in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, the Malay peninsula and Sumatra.

Burma may be attacked overland from India or by sea. Both ways may be used simultaneously.

The land frontier between these two countries is over 600 miles long. In all this distance, there are just two roads. At the south is the coast road, extending through jungle and swamp in a narrow space between the mountains and the sea. Because it is narrow, only a few troops can be used at any one time. Since the Japs can match the small force that here opposes them, a stalemate has existed for a year and a half.

The other road is the Ledo road, brand new and not yet finished. Americans are building it. It starts in India and is eventually to connect with the Burma road, crossing the very north tip of Burma. American-trained and equipped Chinese troops are guarding the construction gangs. The end of the road is now in Burma, but so far opposition has been met only from small patrols.

Between the Ledo road and the coast lie 600 miles of jungle mountain, with no roads and but a few trails. Unless roads are built, large forces could not invade Burma over the trails, and small forces would have little chance.

By sea, the Allies can transport and supply very large forces. If Burma be the objective, the most likely landing area would be near Rangoon. This is an excellent port, with roads, railroads and river communications to all parts of Burma, including the Burma road.

The main difficulty for any invasion by sea is the lack of airfields from which planes could fly to protect the ships. The nearest fields in India are 500 miles off, while the Japs have numerous fields nearby. The Allies would be forced to rely on planes carried on aircraft carriers.

It might be desirable first to seize the Andaman Islands. These small islands are valuable for their airfields. So are the Nicobar Islands, just to their south. The nearest islands are 300 miles from Rangoon and 400 from the Malay peninsula. The possession of these islands would facilitate further operations all over southeast Asia.

Another possible invasion objective is Sumatra. This is a large island, having oil fields, and with shores within 50 miles of Singapore. It is closer to the British base at Ceylon than is Burma. If Sumatra were seized, the attack on Burma might be delayed until after the Malay peninsula was taken.

What Lord Mountbatten's plan may be is his secret. Whatever line of attack is selected, it will likely meet strong opposition. Japan knows of the Allied preparations, and has prepared to meet them.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

OUR Congress, particularly the Senate, is never so fascinating, and perhaps never so happy, as when it launches out on one of its periodical political sprees. The Senators, who seem bored stiff when they are debating a postwar-organization resolution, respond with a joyous whoop to a real old-fashioned row over politics. The poll-tax debates, and the recent one on the soldier vote, are good examples of the kind of thing I mean.

It does not do, however, to dismiss such incidents as mere "politics." Government is politics, at least in a democracy. It is when the Senators are talking in terms of "voting qualifications," "States' Rights," and the like, that the real cleavages in the country come to light.

The so-called Senate bill on absentee-soldier balloting would have made the Federal Government responsible for getting out the soldier vote. Those opposed to Roosevelt feared this would mean a Democratic advantage, though the Secretaries of War and of Navy are both Republicans. The defenders of the poll tax realized that the Negroes in the forces would have equal voting privileges, and would demand them on their return. Besides, allowing the principle of Federal control in voting might prejudice the case against poll-tax repeal. So the old cry of States' Rights was raised, and a substitute bill "recommending" appropriate legislation to the States was passed by a majority of five, with seventeen not voting. In the majority were seventeen Southern Senators, with four not voting and three in the minority, including the two Senators from Kentucky.

The real "blow-off" came last week, with the indignant reply of Mr. Bailey of North Carolina to Senator Guffey's charge that the result was dictated by an alliance of "poll-tax Senators" and Joe Pew, Republican boss of Mr. Guffey's own Pennsylvania. Mr. Bailey's threat to form a separate Southern party was not taken too seriously, for he said himself that this would mean that a Democratic President would never again be elected, though I seriously question whether many Southern Senators would look on this as a calamity.

For one thing, as matters stand, they would be sure of election themselves, except perhaps in Kentucky, no matter how the selection went generally. For another, it is well known that many Southern Senators have long been very unhappy over the various welfare measures passed in the last ten years. In fact, as I have said before, these Senators are Democrats only by the accident of their having come from the South.

Maybe a few more incidents like this will clear the air. It has long seemed to me that the one-party system of the South is one of the principal causes, if not the principal one, for its undoubted difficulties and disabilities. Progress in a democracy has been almost wholly dependent on a two-party system, the existence of a vigorous opposition. This will not happen in the South, however, until the Negro question is settled there.

WILFRID PARSONS

PFC JOHN DOE HEARS ABOUT PLANS FOR POSTWAR JOBS

JOHN P. DELANEY

SOMETIMES Private First Class John Doe wonders if only a very ignorant man can be optimistic. So many more learned and more intelligent than he almost crush to their bosoms a deep pessimism about the postwar world.

Some of the labor leaders he knows are worried. Though union membership is higher now than ever before in history, they know that there is a growing sentiment against unions. Some of the sentiment is deep-rooted prejudice that even the lessons of depression years did not eradicate. Some of it is a fear on the part of ordinary Americans that labor unions have been bitten by the germ that attacks every man in the saddle, the lust for power. Some of it is due to sheer ignorance and to journalistic exploitation of the high wages of a small minority of union men, and a constant harping on union abuses.

They admit the abuses, the honest leaders do, but they have not been as successful as they would like to be in rooting them out. One reason is that men in a period of relative prosperity have neither time nor desire to consider their sins. That is human nature. Another reason, probably deeper, is a thing called union loyalty. Union men with union men will discuss union abuses very honestly, but they close their ranks and present an outraged united front to the outsider who attacks, however justly and sincerely. They have a well-grounded fear that their real enemies will seize upon every disclosure to blacken the very name of unionism and to work for the total suppression of unions. Dishonest leaders, self-seeking leaders, can hide behind this loyalty, and do; and even the criticisms of those who have sincerely worked for the rights of workingmen are resented.

This attitude worries many a union leader. He is worried, moreover, by his experience of the swift decline of unions when periods of depression hit. When jobs are scarce and men are plentiful, even the most union-minded worker finds himself forced by circumstances to take any kind of job at any rate of pay—or starve. The competition becomes bitter, and men quickly desert unions that seem powerless to help them. Union leaders remember the morasses into which unions sank after the last war, and again in the days of the Great Depression. In the light of that memory they discount the effect of war lessons on postwar industry. They point out that labor and industry cooperated well during World War I. In spite of much surface optimism,

they fear that the postwar period will usher in again the old philosophy of "dog-eat-dog, every-man-for-himself and God-help-the-weak."

Certain groups of economists, sincere men, brilliant men and well-versed in business cycles, admit an eventual optimism. After six months or a year they foresee a prosperous United States, even a prosperous world. The laws of economics to which they pay homage will bring this about if not hampered by legislation, social theorizing and moral principles. About the immediate postwar period they have nothing constructive to offer. They see it black with unemployment, but they say we simply must face the hunger and despair until economic forces themselves begin to take control once more. They actually fear what they term "artificial" solutions for this immediate period, lest this artificial respiration interfere in any way with the normal and natural functionings of economic laws.

There are, finally, some business men who are wedded to a romantic and rather fantastic notion of free enterprise. American Industry to them is still the story of the little farm boy who seized opportunity by the forelock, worked and studied eighteen or twenty hours a day (like a blame fool, says John Doe) and eventually became president of a large corporation. These industrialists in their own success rather despise the weaker, the less talented man, and subconsciously at least become disciples of the theory of the survival of the fittest. If a man simply cannot stand the gaff, let him starve—or take charity. They resent union interference. They claim to do exactly as they wish with a business which is entirely their own. They hate government regulations. They merely tolerate the present position of things and look forward to the postwar period to regain what they consider full freedom of industry.

Private John Doe knows only too well all the objections of the pessimists, but he refuses to dwell too long on them. He keeps harking back: "If we can do it for war, we can do it for peace." During the last war, it is true, we did have labor-management cooperation, but it was a hurriedly arranged thing. Our participation in the war was shorter. During the war there was little thought of planning for peace. During this war, however, we have kept our eyes steadily on the days of peace to come. Labor-management collaboration today is not alone the child of war necessity. It is the natural goal of a social road we have long been traveling. Some

industrialists, it is true, hold out against it, but management on the whole, even before the war, had come to realize that American industry could never reach its peak efficiency until it accepted, in some form or other, the fundamental idea that money and brains and skill and brawn are partners in an enterprise for the good of the entire country. War merely hastened the operation of the idea.

Some of the older union leaders were, and are still, slow to admit that a union's policy should go beyond higher wages, lower hours, reward your friends and punish your enemies. Some of them still feel that the natural relation between company and union is one of opposition, of struggle constantly renewed. The Communists, of course, foster and abet this idea, but the majority of the best union thinkers today have long been aiming their policies at cooperation, at collaboration and partnership. Despite a few strikes and a few flagrant abuses on both sides, labor and management cooperation in this war has served industry and country well and does offer a pattern for the future.

Popular psychology, too, and the Government must be counted in on any postwar planning. In the period between the two wars, the American people have been bombarded with social thinking. Every second or third American is an amateur economist or sociologist. All Americans have become educated to the idea that it is the function of American Industry to supply jobs and, through jobs, a decent standard of living for all the people. With the experience of war before them, they know it can be done and they will insist that it be done.

Definitely and irrevocably American industry and American life generally have set their march along a more social road to a more social goal. The march is forward and, as John Doe sees it, the forward march can be along positively Christian social paths, or it must be along false social paths that will lead eventually to some form of American dictatorship.

The first path we must choose, he is convinced, is the path of cooperation in the solving of postwar unemployment. We have to decide here and now that it is everybody's problem. The Government must play a part in it. So must large industries. So must the farmer and the small business man. So must each and every American.

With the right principle adopted—namely, that industry is a pooling of all resources, material, financial, human, for the welfare of the entire people—Private John Doe has no fear of the eventual outcome. He does worry about the first six months or so after the war.

Work is bound to be scarcer. That cannot be avoided. There is bound to be a period of unemployment for a greater or less number of workers. That period is the challenge.

The Government, of course, will help the servicemen to meet the challenge. There will be a service bonus. There will be a definite amount paid regularly to demobilized men for the first six months or year of their return to civil life. The U. S. Employment service is well geared to help

them meantime in their hunt for work. At least a million of them will go back to school at Government or private expense. Demobilization will not be a mass exodus from the services, but a gradual return to civil life. It would be grand if immediately on the war's close every soldier, sailor and marine could be immediately released to his home; but it cannot be so, and we must steel our patience against such a demand.

The war worker, now riding high, simply must begin to face the probability of a period of unemployment after the war. Individually, he must prepare for it, not tomorrow, not next year, but now. He must save money either in a way of his own choosing or by a steady, generous purchase of war bonds. If at the war's end he is penniless and out of a job, he will have only himself to blame. Without making a blanket indictment of any group, Private John Doe insists that there is entirely too much extravagant spending, too much silly squandering of money that, if saved, could play a very big role in postwar readjustment.

Every householder should be deciding now: "Immediately after the war, we will want a new car, a new radio, a new refrigerator, new kitchen utensils." Very well, put the money for those new things into war bonds now. "We will buy a new home. We will reshingle the roof. We will need new furniture. We will rebuild our porch." Very, well, put the money for that aside right now. Young boys and girls now at work will return to school after the war. Very well, save for it now. Young couples planning to marry at war's end should be systematically setting aside a percentage of their earnings in a marriage fund that will enable them to buy or furnish their first home together.

That is individual planning for postwar, a challenge to Americans to meet their own problems.

On a wider level the town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, offers an example of ideal community planning. Not so long ago a group of civic leaders in this town of 13,000 decided to put down in black and white the town's postwar needs and its chances of meeting them. They visited the main industries of the town and came away with a fair idea of the number of workers each industry would be ready to employ for peacetime production. They visited every grocery store and shoe store and garage and, as a result, they knew exactly how many jobs their own town's postwar work would supply. Then they visited every home and asked housewives to estimate as accurately and as practically as possible, not what they would like to buy after the war, but what they would buy and would be prepared to buy.

As a result they realized that the town itself would be able to supply jobs for all but nine percent of the employable population, including those now in service. Then, as the buying intentions became known, employers were able to revise their job estimates, so that now it seems they will be able to meet all the job demands of the postwar town.

Many other towns throughout the country are carrying on a similar study, and there is no rea-

son in the world why every town in the United States with a population of up to twenty or thirty thousand could not adopt the same plan.

In the larger cities, planning is not quite so easy; but Syracuse, to our knowledge, has a very carefully worked-out plan. New York City has a huge building program all set to go as soon as war and materials will allow. Whether in large or in small towns, every industry could make a detailed survey of the jobs it hopes to be able to supply after the war. Management and labor together, not in the big mass, but in every local plant, should work together on such a survey, and together put aside "cushion" funds to meet the needs of the temporarily unemployed in the immediate gap after the war.

The point John Doe wishes to drive home is that each union, each industry should do its own planning and not rely entirely on the big master plans that will be drawn in government offices and in industrial and union conventions. Each union and each industry should assume responsibility for its own workers with the prideful determination that they shall not want, that they shall not be too long unemployed.

Beyond this, of course, every local government, every city and State government will be setting up its own planning boards with a triple purpose: to coordinate all the reports of all the industries within its confines; to study the allocation of workers that it seems local industry cannot care for; to plan useful, necessary government works which may immediately at the war's end absorb many workers released from war industry.

Finally, Private John Doe insists that the Federal Government must be allowed to play its part in postwar employment. There are so many useful things the Federal Government can do without assuming control of industry and without becoming the biggest of U. S. employers. There are necessary Federal works. There is refinancing to be done, too huge to be handled by individual States. Only the Federal Government with its nationwide view can help the leaders of industry and labor to fuse together into one master plan all the local plans of a thousand and one communities. Even those who most mistrust the Federal Government should be glad to see a Congressionally-appointed committee on postwar employment, composed of representatives of big business, little business, labor unions, farmers, consumer groups, cooperatives, banks, insurance companies, etc.

Over and over again, Private First Class John Doe, now most likely back on the firing line, keeps insisting that he is not an economist, but he thinks that he talks sense, the kind of sense that millions of other Americans talk who have given up job and security to fight for a peace that will make all the expenditure and the bloodshed of this war worth the spending.

To industry, to labor, to every individual American, he says: It is your job. He is convinced that the future is bright only if, and if only, every American will realize now his responsibility, individual and social.

THE POWER OF THE PRIESTS

ANDREW W. CASE

THE twentieth century and I were young together. I spent my short-pants days in a small Mid-Western city and witnessed with bulging eyes the wonders of the budding century. I saw the passing of celluloid cuffs and coal-oil lamps, and I ran after the first rattling automobiles in my home town shouting: "Get a horse!"

As a typical American of the period I was a "jiner" and belonged to everything a boy could get into at that time, including church and school organizations. The very day the first Boy-Scout troop was organized at the Baptist Church I was right there—Johnny-on-the-spot—the first fellow with a handbook. Before that I had been a member of the Baptist Boys' Brigade. Had I reached man's estate in the Middle West, and had not the first World War and college intervened, there is no doubt that, owing to the many opportunities offered in our city, I should have eventually acquired a greater collection of lodge and club pins than a college president has honorary degrees.

Naturally this pronounced gregariousness was inestimably advantageous to my intellectual growth. From my numerous associations I received very early a well-biased education; a priceless collection of misinformation which ranged in variety from items about religion to facts of medicine, including a generous amount of back-alley biology.

For example, I knew how to remove warts with spit and an old bone; how to change a horse-hair into a small water-snake; and I knew that it was only a question of time until "we would have to fight the Catholics"—why, exactly, I do not remember. Perhaps it was because the Pope wanted to rule America and the Catholics were plotting to set him up in the White House. I knew that there was a cache of guns and ammunition in the basement of every Catholic Church toward that day; but what I could not understand was why the Government didn't do something about this. And of course the Knights of Columbus were the soldiers of the Catholic Church; what the Baptist Boys' Brigade might be, with our rifles and uniforms, gave me no concern whatever.

A fellow had to be pretty careful when passing the Catholic Church and rectory because the crafty priests had the power to change a person into something else—even an animal. For this reason I always increased my pace considerably when passing that way, although I could never remember having done anything against those sinister black-robed men to make them angry at me. When one got a good look at them they didn't really appear sinister. They didn't even seem to be drunk, which they were supposed to be most of the time. In fact

the younger priest always ran very straight and very fast whenever he clouted a baseball during the games with the Catholic boys in the parochial school yard; and on the street he often smiled at me very kindly, as though he would have liked to have become acquainted with me. Come to think of it, I don't believe I ever saw him when he wasn't smiling or hollering as loud as the other fellows on the playground.

There came a time, however, when I no longer walked rapidly past the Catholic Church. Curiosity can be stronger than cowardice. One day, while passing by, I had glanced into the open central portal of the church—it seemed never to be closed—and through the wide crack between the thick swinging doors that separated the vestibule from the central aisle of the nave I saw a flickering red light. For some unknown reason it interested me and the memory of it lingered.

I fell to wondering about the light and couldn't seem to get it off my mind. What could be the purpose, in what was supposed to be a church, of a tiny flame which glared at one from the depths of the shadows in there like an angry red eye? It seemed so mysterious. I had never been inside a Catholic Church and to walk in there now and satisfy my inexplicable curiosity was simply unthinkable. Goodness only knows what they might do to a person who was not a Catholic who would dare to enter their church!

For weeks I contrived to pass down that street upon the slightest pretext. If any other boys were with me and we were on the opposite side from the church, I always had a reason for wanting to cross over and walk on the other side of the street.

One Sunday morning, coming home from Sunday School about eleven o'clock, I took my usual detour past the Catholic Church and had the good fortune to find the inner doors hooked back wide open. It was an unusually hot spring day. The ten o'clock Mass must have just ended; a few people were still straggling out. As usual I was walking as close to the building as I could and as slowly as possible. Therefore, as I passed the door I was rewarded with a view of the spacious interior. It made me gasp. I had never seen anything so beautiful in all my life. It was unlike any of the churches I had ever been in, which consisted of the Baptist, the Methodist and the Presbyterian.

There were great clusters of columns down the length of the church, diving it into aisles, and on the walls and ceiling were huge pictures of people who, to judge from their colored robes, must have lived in Bible times. The windows of brightly colored glass also contained representations of Bible people, but they didn't make for much light in the church. Away up in front it was quite dark, and there, set back in an alcove against the rear wall, stood a tall, snowy-white architectural arrangement full of carved spires and designs. On a shelf of this thing a number of tall candles were burning and, as I looked, a boy dressed in a black robe and white over-jacket that looked as though it were made from a lace curtain, came out of nowhere and began extinguishing the candles with a long pole.

Of a sudden I became conscious that I had stopped in my tracks and was staring. Later, when I was a couple of blocks away, I realized that in my confusion I had rushed on without having seen the source of my red flame. Trying to remember it, it seemed as though it had been up there in the midst of the rest of the candles. Yes, that was it! It was a candle. It flickered just like the yellow-flamed candles. But how could that be? Fire was fire and, except for the flames of a gas stove, it was always yellow.

As I look back on it now it seems incredible that I should not have realized that my flame was simply enclosed in ruby-colored glass. It is true that red lights were not so common then as they are today, but this does not account for my stupidity. There were plenty of red lanterns on the rear ends of railroad trains. Perhaps I was so flabbergasted at seeing candles of any sort in a church that I was prepared to expect anything. Therefore when I summoned up enough courage to ask one of the older boys about it, the big brain of the Sixth-Street School, and he told me that the priests knew a secret way to make candles that would burn with a deep red flame, I believed him.

That is all there is to the story of my introduction to the Catholic Church—if you can call it an introduction. To the best of my recollection that is the last time I gave a thought to the Church until twelve years later, during my college days in New York City. In my freshman year I received a formal introduction to her and found her quite attractive although amusingly old-fashioned in her beliefs. Fifteen years more elapsed before I began making calls, and two years later I had moved in.

I had just received my first Holy Communion and was again kneeling in my pew, inexpressibly happy and with a marvelous feeling of complete composure, profound peace and exulting, surging love for the Saviour Whom I had rediscovered, Whom I had never really known. The servers were pouring the wine and water over the fingers of the priest into the Chalice. With him I prayed: "May Thy Body, O Lord, which I have received, and Thy Blood which I have drunk, cleave to mine inmost parts: and do Thou grant that no stain of sin remain in me, whom pure and holy Sacraments have refreshed." Refreshed *me*, once so cold, so unthinking. The judgments of God are indeed incomprehensible "and how unsearchable His ways!"

I raised my eyes and looked squarely at the sanctuary lamp that hung in front of me a little to the left. Its red flame burned steadily. Then I looked at the priest who was covering the Chalice. Truly he who had just fed me with the Bread of Angels was a man of wondrous power. How otherwise, short of having been present with our Lord in the Cenacle, could I have ever hoped to receive this unspeakable Gift? How otherwise than through this man or some other of our Lord's duly appointed vicars?

I looked at the lamp again. The tiny flame flickered as I stared at it. It seemed to wink at me approvingly, like an old friend. Then, even in that sacred moment of great joy, there occurred to me

one of those unaccountable quirks of memory, one of those irrepressible distractions. It whisked me off to my old home-town and boyhood days. The priests have wondrous powers. They can make candles that burn with a red flame. They can change people into other things. God be praised! the boys back home were two-thirds right. I smiled back at the chuckling lamp. That priest up there had changed me into a Catholic.

GIVING CHRISTMAS BACK TO CHRIST

AULEEN B. EBERHARDT



FOR years we Catholics have been talking about the way Christmas has been commercialized and how the Central Figure of the day, the Christ Child, has been driven into the background. This year, when a desire for peace is in the hearts of people the world over, let us American Catholics not only *talk* about giving Christmas back to the Prince of Peace but—*let's do something*.

The first step is for each one of us to see what we can personally do to make Christmas Christ's day—not a day characterized only by lavish and meaningless gift-giving, by overeating and by pleasurable excitement. To celebrate Christmas in the Christian manner, spiritual preparation is necessary. Let us then make use of these days of Advent to sanctify our lives early—not by waiting until Christmas for our Confession. Why not approach the Sacraments weekly and, if possible, daily, for some time in advance of Christmas?

These extra Communions could be offered for the greatest of all causes—a speedy victory over our enemies and a just peace, and the welfare of our boys in service. The lads who are fighting on the battlefronts of the world, enduring hardships and privations and facing death in dreadful forms, need our prayers as never before. Let us give them prayers and more prayers, sacrifices and more sacrifices.

These days of prayer and sacrifice before Christmas could be filled with good works. Among these should be aid to the poor. In spite of the fact that war industries and manpower shortages have made work more plentiful than in many years, there are still many poor people. These are the sick, the helpless, the very old, the very young, who cannot benefit from the war boom and whose needs have increased as the cost of living soars. These people need our help. Let us look around and hunt them out. There are some to be found in every community.

Next, let us make our homes fitting places for the Infant King to celebrate His birthday in. In the rush of these hectic days of war, people are apt

to become impatient, to be less kind, to act ungratefully, to be thoughtless. Here is a chance for each of us to check our conscience and, having done so, to put our spiritual life in order. Our homes should be havens of peace and happiness; and we can make them so only insofar as we rid our hearts of uncharity, bitterness, selfishness.

Lastly, let us do everything in our power to put the Christ Child into the foreground, in the hearts of our children, as the great Figure of Christmas—and to ease Santa Claus into the background. A deep spiritual injury has been done to countless little children, through the years, by stressing Santa Claus as the dominant Christmas character, and by neglecting the Infant Jesus. It is our duty as Catholic adults, as Christian parents, to bring back into the lives of our children the beautiful and appealing figure of the Babe of Bethlehem whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas. This can be done by the telling and the re-telling of the Christmas story, by the erecting of a Christmas Crib in the home and by fostering in the hearts of little folk an affection for the poor whom the Babe of Bethlehem loved so dearly that He became one of them.

If we do these things, our personal Christmas will be one of rare happiness and lasting joy. It will be an unforgettable occasion; a day of days—for we shall have been to the Sacraments often, we shall have helped the poor, we shall have glorified the Christ Child in the minds of our little ones.

Now, the second step in giving Christmas back to Christ is to make our influence felt in our community. Far too many of us have, year after year, resolved to send Christian Christmas cards; but that was as far as it went. Year after year the same old holly and mistletoe, dogs, cats and birds appeared on our cards—sometimes because they were sold to us by a clerk who described them as "cute" and sometimes because we were a bit ashamed to send religious greetings to our non-Catholic friends. Let us have the courage of our convictions this year. There is still time to secure religious Christmas cards; and to send them as our greetings to relatives, friends and associates. Incidentally, the religious cards this year are more plentiful than in the past decade; and they are surprisingly artistic.

What about a community Christmas Crib in our own neighborhood? Impossible? Not at all. In larger cities all that is necessary is for certain neighbors to agree on the place where a crib may be erected, and then to go ahead with the plans. Why not take part of our Christmas money and buy figures of the Holy Family, a few shepherds, animals and the Three Kings? These could be enclosed in a weather-proof box, and simple lighting arrangements worked out. The cost, spread among the membership of an entire neighborhood, would be small for each individual.

Small towns are ideal places for the erection of a community Christmas Crib. Here the steps to take are as follows: secure permission from the Mayor or City Council; invite people of all denominations to share the cost of erecting the crib; arrange

for a program of Christmas carols to be sung on different evenings by the choirs of different churches, schools and choral groups.

As for men in business—the devoting of a bit of a front-window to the erection of a Christmas Crib would bring magnificent results—not only in the increased interest in religion but in new friends for the store. I know of a non-Catholic man who at considerable expense and inconvenience placed a Christmas Crib in his window one year. It created so much good feeling that the next year he devoted his entire front-window to the Christmas story. The first day he pictured the Magi setting off on their journey to Bethlehem. The next day he showed them in the desert following the Star. Then came their arrival at their destination. Then the Holy Night. And so on. Crowds gathered before the window every day from dawn to dusk. People came from out of town to view the spectacle. Shoppers who had never before set foot in the store patronized him to show their appreciation. If a non-Catholic man could pay tribute to the Christ Child

in this manner, why could not some of our Catholic business men do the same—if only by erecting a Christmas Crib in one of their windows?

Community singing of Christmas hymns is another way to give homage to the Christ Child and to make people of all denominations conscious of the fact that December 25 is *His birthday*. This is likewise an excellent way to bring good-fellowship to a community, for singing draws out the best in the hearts of men. The singing of Christmas carols by the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions service clubs, by the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Foresters, the Holy Name Men, at their December meetings, would be a splendid way of calling the attention of people to the Infant Saviour as the dominant Person in the holiday scene.

So let's not just talk about giving Christmas back to Christ; let's do something about it. We shall find that our efforts in this regard will bring us inward peace and joy and, in addition, countless blessings to our home, our community and our country.

FERRETING OUT FALANGISTS: WILD-GOOSE CHASE IN MEXICO

ALFONSO JUNCO

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Among the Latin American peoples, Alfonso Junco enjoys a reputation such as Chesterton had in England. From his home in Mexico City he has sent the following brief statement of his reactions to a widely-quoted American book. His views deserve careful attention.*]

RECENTLY, a friend referred me to a book that had just been published by Putnam's of New York. The book bears the sensational title: *Falange: the Axis Secret Army in the Americas*, and was written by a certain Allan Chase, an author otherwise unknown to me.

A foretaste of the "scandals" which the book purports to reveal may be anticipated from the dust-jacket and the title-page. One is promised authentic proofs, with "names, dates, facts, irrefutable evidence," showing that "over a million trained enemies" are busy at work in an underground war against the United States. The book claims to be based on "over two thousand secret documents," some of which are shown in photostatic copies.

Such a formidable array of proofs is certainly irresistible. In the present state of war psychosis, and with the usual American ignorance regarding

our countries, is any more evidence required to produce a most regrettable impression of horrified credulity on the part of the average American reader of this book?

Mexico is favored with just one of the eleven chapters. This minimum is accorded her in spite of the fact that, according to the author, our country is the very "concentration point of the Falange."

We are already plainly aware of the fact that, since the defeat of the Spanish Communists, Mexico has become the concentration point of anti-Falangist refugees. But Mr. Chase is going to improve our eyesight.

The Mexican Government, while harboring the so-called Loyalists, passed stringent measures against all political activities of the followers of Franco and expelled the leader of the Falangist party from the country. Since the war, and particularly since our entry on the side of the United Nations, our Government and that of the United States have been working in close and friendly cooperation to circumvent the activities of our mutual enemies. But now it appears, according to the exclusive and confidential information gathered by Mr. Chase, that the Mexican Government is not

at all performing its duty and is criminally tolerating an alarming situation. For instance:

General Wilhelm von Faupel, through the Falange and its chief Mexican subsidiaries—*Acción Nacional* and the *Sinarquistas*—has established on the borders of the United States of America one of the most dangerous Axis centers in the entire world. He has created a coordinated movement embracing well over a half-million followers engaged in espionage, arms-smuggling, propaganda and sorties of violence often reaching the scale of actual warfare. (P. 150.)

Despite the above, here in Mexico we are living in blissful ignorance of this situation. We have not seen anything of this "war," not even smelled its powder-smoke. Evidently, with all this reported smuggling of firearms going on, our government agents must be dreaming, with their heads in the clouds. Apparently, also, the American FBI is engaged in investigating the stratosphere. Only the eagle-eyed Chase is on the job, while the guardians of democracy are either careless or asleep. Chase alone has ferreted out the startling facts and has made of them a book that he can present as a burnt offering for the salvation of the Americas.

In Mexico's brief but lurid chapter we are astounded to see how a fine old Spanish gentleman of long residence in Mexico, Don Augusto Ibañez, emerges as the "nominal chief" of this nefarious movement, and is called "the direct link between the Nazis in Europe and the secret Fascist armies on the Mexican-American border."

And whom do you suppose this fantastic and super-documented creation of Mr. Chase has picked out as the "close lieutenants" of Don Ibañez? None other than three well known and distinguished lawyers: Don Manuel Gomez Morin, Don Carlos Prieto, and—this is utterly preposterous—Don Alejandro Quijano!

It is not difficult to explain why Gomez Morin should be the object of attack. He is the head of *Acción Nacional*, with an irreproachable record of unselfish devotion to the welfare of Mexico, greatly to the embarrassment of the professional defrauders of our democratic institutions. Politicians of this latter type, in self-defense, readily abuse with the name of "fifth columnist" all true Mexicans who have the courage to think, feel and speak out as true Mexicans.

If the railing against Gomez Morin can be set aside as baseless, that against Carlos Prieto and Alejandro Quijano can only be called downright silly.

Mr. Chase could hardly have made a worse choice for his book. These men are both well known to be averse to any kind of political activity. They are just two fine, peaceful and conservative gentlemen, friends to the whole world, enjoying cordial relationship with persons of a wide diversity of character and opinion. Anybody who knows either of them must declare that their very personal characters are incompatible with the gross imputations with which Mr. Chase attempts to smear them.

Nevertheless, against this sinister and crafty "Big Four," composed of Ibañez, Gomez Morin, Prieto, and Quijano, Mr. Chase launches the following "documented" indictment:

These four men have the intimate and varied activities of Falangism in Mexico at their fingertips. They see to it that the various organizations under their control contribute, on an average, three hundred thousand pesos each month to defray part of the expenses of running the network. Under the watchful eyes of Gestapo-trained members of the Spanish Secret Service in Mexico, the four top leaders disburse these funds where they will do the United Nations the most harm. (Pp. 152-153.)

In Mexico, such grotesque fabrications elicit nothing more than a good laugh. On the other hand, however, it is sad to think that such trash is written in all seriousness by mercenary scribblers and peddled for a good price. Books of this type misinform and poison the minds of thousands among the English-reading public who are mentally unprepared to recognize it as trash and so to discard it as trash.

At times Mr. Chase really surpasses himself in stupidity. His ignorance of the fundamentals of common knowledge is such that twice he misspells the name of the President of Mexico. He writes "Comacho" and "Avila Comacho," respectively, on pages 171 and 173. Our own world-renowned historian, Don Carlos Pereyra is called Peroya. Unaware of Don Carlos' death last year, Mr. Chase has him still holding secret meetings with Gomez Morin for the purpose of spreading Falangist propaganda. (P. 166.)

Since Mr. Chase has made Don Alejandro Quijano a terrible conspirator, and since Don Alejandro is the Director of the Mexican Academy of the Spanish Language, the inference must be drawn that this noble institution is involved in the plot to overthrow democracy in the Americas. The Mexican Red Cross, having the same generous Don Alejandro as its President, can only by a miracle escape the charge of being an agency of the Nazis.

The book is full of other surprising bits of information. Mr. Chase tells us that our Don Augusto Ibañez is the "official representative of the Academia Española" in Mexico. This is indeed news to everyone, and it is certainly news to Don Augusto that he holds a position of such honor. But Mr. Chase goes on to assert that, in that position, Don Augusto "has delegated the actual work of running the affairs of this cultural front to his aide, Alejandro Quijano, and to Alfonso Junco, editor of *La Nación*." (P. 164.)

Now I learn, for the very first time, that I am the editor of *La Nación*. Don Alejandro now discovers that he did not receive a position in the Academy by vote of the members, as both he and they had always presumed, but was purposely placed there by Mr. Ibañez to carry out certain sinister activities under the latter's direction. As to Don Alejandro and myself, whatever our connections may be, we are reported as working feverishly and insidiously within the Academy, according to the following quotation:

These fanatical enemies of the democracies run very exclusive forums at which the invited guests hear arguments for Fascism, for *Hispanidad* and for anti-Semitism, couched in intellectual terms by the leading pundits of Falangism. The Academia Española influences a small group of Mexicans, but their importance far exceeds their numbers. (P. 164.)

It is really too bad that the Academy members are not fully informed of these goings-on. All they know is that at the present time (and for the past sixty years), the Academy is concerned exclusively with matters literary and linguistic; that it is constitutionally completely detached from political questions; that its membership has been selected, with praiseworthy tolerance and broadmindedness, from among persons of the widest possible range of beliefs and tendencies. The present members are, however, well aware that among their colleagues are many prominent men of letters whom Chase himself could not succeed in tarring with the brush of Fascism, such as: Enrique González Martínez, Alfonso Reyes, José Ruben Romero (Mexican Ambassador to Cuba), Antonio Castro Leal (President of the Society of Friends of the USSR), Martin Luis Guzmán (former secretary of Manuel Azaña, one-time President of the Spanish Republic).

In truth, then, if "one of the most dangerous Axis centers in the entire world" is in our country, and the "secret Fascist armies on the Mexican-American border" live on the 300,000 pesos a month which the "Big Four" are supposed to get, and if Alejandro Quijano and the Academy members are the real leaders of a vast conspiracy to further the cause of the Axis—then the Axis itself is pretty well cracked and Democracy can lay down its laurel-wreathed head in blissful and undisturbed slumber.

Repeating what we have said before, in Mexico such grotesque absurdities can ordinarily be passed off with a good laugh. This can be said of the entire book—a gigantic trash-can of wild assertions. But, as has already been observed, such publications are dangerous since so little is known of Mexico north of her border. And the collection of gross errors that fills the book of Mr. Chase can lamentably result in nothing but bewilderment, prejudice and suspicion.

We deem it a pity to see mutual understanding and warm friendship marred and obstructed by individuals of little or no discretion, who are yet able to persuade unwary, even if prominent, publishers to print and sell books of this description. We are especially saddened by the additional reflection that such books will enjoy a far greater circulation than can be anticipated by any public statement regarding the real truth about Mexican affairs.

We protest against the smearing of our good citizens of Mexico, and must lament the fact that shameless and ignorant hack writers are able, with absolute impunity, to pour out their accusations against respectable persons and friendly neighboring countries.

Such a procedure is most regrettable at a time when honest citizens, both south and north of the border, have pledged themselves to study, understand and put into effect the Good Neighbor policy—a policy that can easily be endangered and sabotaged by irresponsible persons, a policy that we in Mexico regard, with all sincerity and enthusiasm, as most enlightened and progressive, most honorable, dignified and fruitful.

HOLDING THE GLASS UP TO TOMORROW

ORLANDO A. BATTISTA



FOR many centuries man has looked upon glass as a very fragile material, and it is only in very recent years that its physical properties have been modified sufficiently to make it useful for such things as bullet-proof windshields, textile filaments stronger than steel, hundreds of miles of industrial pipelines or a substitute for cork in life-preservers.

We may recall that the Egyptians bottled their rarest perfumes in glass vials, and the Romans drank their rich wines from colored wine-glasses. But clear, transparent glass did not come into being until early in the Christian Era, when it was discovered that transparent glass could be made only from raw materials which were in an unusually pure state and free from chemicals which would turn black during the process of subjecting limestone, soda ash and sand to intense heating.

Later, in the thirteenth century, the great Roger Bacon invented the simple lens and coined the word "spectacle," which has persisted to this day. And it was more than six centuries ago that the glass mirror came into existence, primarily for the purpose of letting people see themselves. The first glass mirrors were made by applying a coating of tinfoil, amalgamated with mercury, to the surface of a clear pane of glass.

By the sixteenth century, Venice had become the hub of the world's glass industry, and for many decades "the best glass came from Venice." Of course, during the Middle Ages, window-glazing achieved such perfection as an art that the windows in the most renowned cathedrals of the world, built during this period, still stand unchallenged.

In 1729, a modest English lawyer, Chester Moore Hall, put two lenses together in such a way that he invented what is now called the achromatic lens. This discovery paved the way for the microscope, an invaluable tool of science which was left on the shelves of knowledge for about two hundred years, to be suddenly put on the trail of the ferocious germs of disease and infection, those invisible specks of living organisms which Pasteur first proved could overpower and kill hundreds of thousands of people. And with the eyes of optical lenses that are hidden within the framework of a telescope, astronomers have been able to bring into view stars that are many millions of light-years away. The twentieth century has produced a single telescope lens with a diameter of more than fifteen feet. Using this most powerful lens ever constructed by man, astronomers perched on top of Mount Palomar in the vicinity of San Diego, California, will be able to see for the first time light from hundreds of *millions* of new stars.

Today, glass is being put to a thousand uses

which were believed impractical a quarter of a century ago. For example, we may obtain glass that is as dense as steel or lighter than magnesium or cork. Fabrics are now being made out of glass textile fibers which will not burn or rot, shrink or mildew. Glass may be made so that it will let through the rays in ultra-violet light which are responsible for generating vitamin-D in our bodies, but will hold back heat-producing and injurious rays of light.

The art of annealing glass is highly advanced, and unbreakable glass has a great future in the manufacture of doors and panels, translucent building-bricks of almost any color, and industrial equipment. Electric-light bulbs may be purchased for a few pennies instead of a few dollars, because we have learned how to handle glass and how to formulate it for specific uses. Ribbons of glass are fed into one of the most ingenious mechanical robots ever conceived, only to come out of the machine in the form of electric-light bulbs at the rate of more than five hundred per minute. Balls of glass are placed in special nozzles and heated to redness, after which they are drawn into very fine filaments whose strengths have surpassed the strength of steel.

We have Pyrex glassware, which is considered indispensable in the home and in the factory, and without which scientists could not build the high-pressure and high-vacuum laboratory equipment necessary for modern research. We have safety-glass that will never discolor, Foamglass that is at least thirty per cent lighter than cork, and glass insulation material that is more than six times as effective as many of the more common insulating products.

And so we obtain a glimpse of the march of glass technology within the past generation. In comparison with what was done in the five thousand years that preceded the twentieth century, we see that this progress has been tremendous. Less than a year ago, however, after I had been impressed on seeing a glass milk bottle dropped on to concrete from a height of thirty feet without even so much as chipping, I turned to the research scientist of the glass industry who had shown me the demonstration and asked: "What may we expect next in the field of glass?" He handed me a hammer and a pane of glass about a quarter of an inch thick, and asked me to hit it as hard as I wanted to. I bore down on the pane with all my might and it did not even crack. Then my friend said to me: "That does not by any means mark the limit of what we will do to glass. Some day we will make glass that can be bent easily, that can be machined on a lathe like wood or many of the modern plastics, and we will reduce its brittleness so that it can be molded into articles that will compete with many of the molded plastics."

And so it is that man-made glass has blazed a remarkable trail through the labyrinths of the century to emerge in our day with a versatility that assures it the status of one of man's most important structural materials, with endless possibilities for the home of tomorrow.

SHALL AND WILL

OVER the literary horizon hovers a grammatical cloud. From various sources one gathers a movement is on to abolish altogether *shall*, the English language's venerable auxiliary. No longer may foreigners be beset by complications as to future tenses. When they tumble into the lake they will exclaim: "If you will not help me, I *will* drown." Schopenhauer will chuckle cheerfully in his grave, for he thought of the world as *Will and Idea*, which theory was not so convenient for advertising the notion of *shall*.

Scholars warn me it is hopeless to resist grammatical trends. The will of the ungrammatical shall conquer. But I prefer to sink with the flag waving, and hereby register formal protest against avoidance or laches in the use of will and shall.

I know the glittering and specious reasons that are alleged for this supposed simplification. But I am steadied by sober considerations.

The argument that other languages make no such subtle distinctions in their future tenses leaves me entirely cold. What difference does it make to us that the French say *j'aurai* and *il aura*, or the German *ich werde gehen* and *Du wirst gehen*, or that the Russians lost their real future tense some centuries ago? The point is that the English language does possess a finesse in its expression of futurity which other languages can only envy, if they realize how well founded it is in psychology and morals. These delicacies are part of the life of any language. German enjoys them, as does Greek, with the adroit use of particles—*doch*, *wohl*; *oun*, *de*, *gar*. Such wordlets are intolerably heavy if carried over literally into English *yet* and *for*; but we do our own linguistic turkey-slicing when we clearly recognize it is quite a different thing—in reality, as well as in courtesy—to say that I "will" eat the white meat or to say that *you* will be privileged to enjoy the same.

In the use of *shall* for the first person future lingers a much needed sense of humility, a recognition that something shapes our careers which is above and beyond our individual power. I can never know the hour when I *shall* cross the great Divide, and the Judge of the Living and the Dead will put his questions to me. But if I sanctioned euthanasia, I might risk saying that on such a day I *will* die.

On the other hand, it is a mighty sobering concern that some persons, or some One, can always say *shall* to me. Shall we remodel the Ten Commandments, and assert, in pleasant ambiguity: "You will not kill. You will not commit adultery. You will not steal." Obviously the answer is: "Who told you I won't?" And, frankly, who can be sure? If I suspect burglars are wandering around the house at night, I shall sleep more easily if I know there is someone to warn them with a "thou shalt not," than if matters are left to their own sweet will. Language, like politics, can sabotage morality and even police protection.

So, until I am blocked by *force majeure*, I *will* cling to trusty "shall," and nobody shall stop me.

J. L. F.

TEHERAN

SELDOM, if ever, have three men borne a responsibility so immense as that which rests upon President Roosevelt, Marshal Stalin and Prime Minister Churchill. When they met—the three for the first time—at Teheran, they cannot but have realized that there may be no human being, perhaps, for many generations, whose life will not in some way be affected by their deliberations.

Undoubtedly the feature of the conference that most caught the public mind was the presence of Marshal Stalin. The President and the Prime Minister had often met before, and with important and far-reaching results; but there had been absent from their councils the third great political world figure—Josef Stalin, the Marshal who has led his people in their bloodiest and most heroic struggle, and whose armies have inflicted upon the Nazis blows unsurpassed in deadly effect.

The Declaration issued by the conference could hardly, in the nature of things, add much to the Moscow Declarations. Marshal Stalin's word that "complete agreement" has been reached "as to scope and timing" of the projected invasion of Europe "from east, west and south" must dispose of all "second front" doubts. The stage is evidently being set for a drive that will not stop short of victory. Speculation, both among Axis and Allied commentators, about terms to Germany, or the "Free German" committee, or a revision of the Casablanca call for unconditional surrender, found nothing to feed upon in the terse phrases of the Declaration.

"And as to the peace," runs the document, "we are sure that our concord will make it an enduring peace." The signatories recognize their "supreme responsibility" to make a peace "which will command goodwill from the overwhelming masses of the peoples of the world."

Here are two principles for peace worthy of being engraved upon the mind of every statesman. The concord of the major world Powers is essential to peace. The small nations heartily long for it, but too often they have been caught

Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

And the concord of the great Powers, to be really lasting, must be built, not on force or political pressure, but on absolute sincerity and good will.

The Teheran declaration, like that of Moscow, like the Atlantic Charter, can be made the basis of a true and enduring peace. But in the last resort no document, however excellent the principles it enunciates, is worth more than the men who are to implement it. Our weary and war-sick world has seen too many dreams of peace shattered by the rude reality of national pride, national greed, racial animosities and mutual suspicions. In this tremendous crisis, the peoples of the world have a right to expect that their leaders shall rise above narrow nationalism or racism and think of all humanity; they have a right to expect that their great men shall do great things greatly.

EDITOR

SOLDIER VOTE

NEXT Fall we shall hold an important Presidential election. Critical in the election will be the votes of the armed forces. Some ten million in the services are highly interested in that vote, and it behooves the country to give them a full and free opportunity to cast it.

As Arthur Krock wrote from Washington on December 6: "... the will of the armed forces to vote next year is overwhelming." And their right, that of the men and women sent out by their Government to fight for us with their lives, cannot be questioned.

But how shall they use this right?

Congress these past weeks debated the matter back and forth. Then came abrupt action. For some reason the House of Representatives took upon itself to pass a measure regulating the soldier vote. The Senate promptly rejected the House plan and scotched the Congressional move to collect and record the votes. The Senate went farther and recommended, politely indeed, as was becoming, that the forty-eight States themselves make provision for this.

Will our people in the various States accept the task? It is their duty, and their privilege, to assert their determination to carry on the kind of America to which the soldiers hope to return.

Articles I and II of the Constitution reserve to the States certain powers to fix qualifications for voting in elections. A Senate majority entertained the opinion this gave the States power to prescribe the conditions under which the armed forces should take part in the Presidential elections. For them, therefore, to neglect the needs of far-off soldier balloting would be a plain dereliction of duty.

More than that, our Services want to vote. And they mean to vote. If the States do not take prompt and effective steps in this situation, they will forfeit one of their most valuable opportunities. And in that case they will see our fighting men and women turning elsewhere for the means to vote.

The House of Governors should communicate at once, recommend the waiving of unreasonable restrictions, and make plans for joint action. Virginia has already waived the poll-tax requirement, and set an example for speedy decision by the other States. Today is the time.

VITAL SERVICE

LAST year one of the large department stores displayed attractive posters that gave due praise to Women in Vital Emergency Service. The capitals of the phrase add up to WIVES. Very recently a large food company ran an advertisement in many national magazines with the caption, Postwar Planning Begins Here. "Here" is an appealing little child holding trustingly to his father's hand. The father is a Naval officer. The first lines of the advertisement read: "All our blueprints for tomorrow depend on this baby."

A few days ago a woman got her picture in the papers. There is nothing unusual about that. The unusual feature is that she was not dressed in overalls. She was not a champion welder or riveter. She was a mother who had just resigned from a war job in order to give more time to her children. She was quoted as saying that "working to win the war without proper attention to future citizens doesn't make sense."

The trend is all to the good. The other side of the picture is represented in the two children who were burnt to death while their father was out shopping and their mother out working. Mother and father worked on different shifts in a defense plant. A judge summed up the case by saying that the mother's work was not patriotism, but money-mania.

Maybe he was a trifle sharp, but conditions throughout the United States today indicate the need of sharpness to drive home to thoughtless mothers the prime importance to themselves, to their country, to their Church, of personal care of their children. Sharpness alone will not do the job. It is too easily resented.

Something positive is needed. Until all industry will accept the principle that a living wage means a family wage, a wage that will "enable workers to secure proper sustenance for themselves and their families," it is difficult to censure mothers who "are forced to engage in gainful occupations outside the domestic walls."

Yet even the economic solution will not solve, unless there be also the deep spiritual realization that even God cannot devise for women a more worthwhile, a more satisfying, a more patriotic, a more sublime vocation than that of molding young souls in the image of Christ.

HOLD THAT LINE!

AT the moment, several highly important pieces of legislation confront the Congress. The Lea Civil Aviation Bill, which aims to perfect and clarify the Civil Aeronautics Act, the Soldiers Vote Bill, the new tax bill, are all critical matters which demand the earnest attention of the national legislature. But for its immediate effect on the welfare of the people, the bill to extend the life of the Commodity Credit Corporation is more important still. This bill, carrying a stiff ban on consumer subsidies, passed the House by a large majority several weeks ago and is now before the Senate. Should the Senate concur with the House, and then both bodies succeed in passing the bill over a certain Presidential veto, the whole anti-inflation program will sustain a crippling, and perhaps a mortal blow.

Testifying before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee on December 2, Price Administrator Chester Bowles warned that if Congress abolished food subsidies, the cost of living would rise ten per cent. This increase, he explained, would add \$9,000,000,000 to the cost of items customarily bought by families in the course of a year. As War Mobilization Director Byrnes said in a ringing speech on December 7: "Killing subsidies will hurt everybody," including the farmers.

In the light of this authoritative testimony, the vote in the House and the anti-subsidy feeling in the Senate are difficult to understand. Surely, the legislators must realize what such an increase in the cost of living would mean to all those living on fixed incomes, to white-collar workers, to the dependent wives and children of men in the armed services, to the millions of organized workers whose incomes are below the \$2,500-level. They must realize, too, that a rise in food prices will make it impossible to hold the line on industrial wages. The "Little Steel" formula will have to go.

Where all this would end, one can only guess with fear and trembling. On the basis of rising costs during World War I, when few controls were employed, the anti-inflation program has already saved the country about \$70,000,000,000 in war costs. It is too easily forgotten that Uncle Sam is the country's best customer, buying more than one-half the national output—and paying for it. An increase in prices means an increase in war costs, and these added costs mean, obviously, an increase in the public debt. If the subsidy program is continued, the cost to tax-payers may be as much as \$1,250,000,000 a year. If it is not continued, the bill may be twenty or thirty times that amount.

Subsidies may be an evil, but sometimes they are a necessary evil. This happens to be one of those times. Walter Lippmann put the case exactly when he wrote, on December 4: "If, as is the case, the alternative is to set in motion a spiral of general price increases, can any one doubt that the subsidies and the bother of price control are the lesser of evils?"

With Mr. Lippmann, we do not see how any one can.

ANNUAL WAGE DEMANDS

IF for no other reason, the wage demands of the United Steelworkers of America (USA-CIO) merit the nation's attention because they will probably set the pattern for similar demands in other mass-production industries. They specify the nature of labor's attack on the "Little Steel" yardstick.

But there is another reason why the USA-CIO proposals deserve serious study. This union is one of the most progressive and social-minded in the country. Its policies are invariably determined not solely by the narrow interests of its membership, nor even by the wider interests of organized labor. They reflect also a sincere concern for the common good of the nation. They are, in a word, the product of real industrial statesmanship.

To our mind, the demand for a wage increase of seventeen cents an hour is the least significant of the proposals. As President of both the CIO and the United Steelworkers, Philip Murray has taken a clear position on wage stabilization. Recognizing the necessity of controlling wages if the cost of living is to be stabilized and inflation avoided, Mr. Murray and his associates accepted the "Little Steel" decision, and thereafter consistently supported the Government in its fight to preserve the price level as it existed in September, 1942.

They pointed out, however, that if the cost of living continued to rise, they would be justified in seeking wage adjustments to cover the higher prices. Since the Government has not made good its intention to hold the September, 1942, line, they feel the time has come to seek wage increases. As a matter of fact, union leaders are scarcely free in the matter, such is the pressure from an impatient and dissatisfied rank-and-file. If the Congress, even at this late date, were to manifest a sincere determination to make price control work, the probability is that the USA-CIO would immediately withdraw its demand for an additional seventeen cents an hour. Union leaders know what inflation means, and they want none of it.

Of greater interest than the requested wage increase is the proposal for industry-wide wage bargaining. This method has two pronounced advantages over the present practice in the steel industry of bargaining company by company. In the first place, it will save an immense amount of very precious time. It will constitute, in the second place, an open acknowledgment that the whole question of wages ought to be exempted from the area of competition. In itself, competition can be a healthy economic stimulant, but when it is pushed to such lengths that it involves wage rates, it is immoral and reprehensible. The workingman is not just another item in the costs of production, as competition in wage rates supposes him to be. On this proposal, the powers-that-be in the steel industry have nothing to fear in meeting the union half-way.

But another demand of the United Steelworkers is of greater interest still. Indeed, it strikes a note of the highest social significance, and one which will recur time and time again in the years that lie ahead of us. In a practical and significant way, it

expresses the restless hunger of American workingmen for greater security in their lives as husbands and fathers. It gives new emphasis to that historic protest against economic insecurity which has embittered the relations of employers and employees since the advent of the industrial system a century and a half ago. It is a demand that those who own or control the wealth of America guarantee a decent livelihood for every able-bodied propertyless wage earner. Briefly, the USA-CIO wants a guaranteed *annual* living wage.

The moral justification for this demand is unquestionable. Every normal adult workingman whose only access to the wealth of nature is his pay envelope has a right to an annual family living wage. Nature itself, and therefore Nature's God, has clearly ordained that the riches of the earth are destined for the sustenance and development of men. Every man has, accordingly, an inalienable right to use these resources to achieve his temporal and eternal destiny as a human being and a child of God. Furthermore, since nature also ordains that the generality of men marry and raise a family, the right to use the wealth of nature belongs to man not merely as an individual but also as the father of a family. From these elemental moral truths there follows logically the right of the adult wage earner to a family living wage.

That this wage must be placed on an *annual* basis if nature is not to be frustrated is obvious. Human beings, unlike animals, do not naturally live from hand to mouth. They require food, shelter, clothing, education, medical care and recreation not just for a day, or a week, or a month. They need these things regularly and continuously. But no matter how satisfactory hourly wage rates may be, they are not sufficient, unless they are uninterrupted, to guarantee a regular and continuous minimum standard of living. The guaranteed annual wage is, therefore, a postulate of the natural law.

While the moral law is the strongest argument for the annual wage, there are other compelling reasons why it should be adopted as the basic wage policy of industry. Perhaps no other single measure would more effectively implement the traditional American dream of a social order befitting the dignity of free men. Certainly, none would more immediately contribute to industrial peace and economic progress.

Yet, on the other hand, no one is obliged to do the impossible. The steelworkers have the right to demand a guaranteed annual wage, but if the owners are really unable to pay such a wage, they are not morally bound to do so. Anyone familiar with the history of American industry will realize how difficult it would be for some employers to guarantee an annual wage. Surely Mr. Murray, who is a practical man, knows the obstacles employers must overcome to meet his demand. No doubt, also, the USA is prepared to work with management toward a solution of their common problem. If they lick it, they will contribute mightily toward a better industrial order in America.

B. L. M.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

A BOOK SMOTHERED IN REVERENCE

SISTER LEO GONZAGA

JUST fifty years ago, Pope Leo XIII wrote his memorable encyclical, *Providentissimus Deus*, encouraging the Faithful to read the Holy Scriptures, and in addition granting an indulgence of 300 days to those who would reverently read the Gospels daily for fifteen minutes. Recent editions of the Holy Bible are prefaced with the entire text of the document or at least with the excerpt relevant to the indulgence. Then Pope Pius XI reaffirmed the Indulgence in 1932.

It is true that Pope Leo XIII's primary purpose was to encourage the reading of the Sacred Books as a source of religious faith and teaching, but nowhere does he even suggest that Catholics should not read the Bible as literature. It is also true that there is no strictly moral obligation to read the Bible, but too many use this fact as an excuse for limiting their contacts with the Sacred Books to the fifty-two excerpts they hear read in the vernacular from the pulpit during Sunday Mass. In such an enlightened age as that in which we imagine ourselves to be living, it seems that it would be impossible for a college student to remark that the nearest she ever got to a Bible was with the dust-cloth on Saturday morning; or for a graduate of a School of Nursing to state that

...until last week my idea of the Bible was that it was something Protestants read, religious fanatics quoted, Catholics knew little about, and "us moderns" steered clear of. It never occurred to me that it could be read with any degree of pleasure, so imagine my consternation when I found it was my very first assignment in my first literature course! With some misgivings I cracked the book, and so began my biblical adventure...I was amazed at the interest it held for me and I found myself referring to it frequently...

From these two comments, selected as representative of the many that were made, does it seem that the schools are doing much to encourage Bible-reading either as theology or as literature? Is it perhaps too true that the Bible is a book "smothered with reverence"? Apparently during the fifty years that have elapsed since Pope Leo XIII released his immortal document, interest in Bible-reading by the laity has not increased, and we still hear comments like: "If I see a man with a Bible in his hands, I am almost sure he is not a Catholic." Of course, it may be objected that a

person may be a fervent, God-fearing Catholic without having actually read a line of the Bible, yet Pope Benedict XV, in his *Spiritus Paraclitus*, wrote in 1920:

So convinced was Saint Jerome that familiarity with the Bible was the royal road to knowledge and love of Christ that he did not hesitate to say: "Ignorance of the Bible means ignorance of Christ."

Our desire for all the Church's children is that, being saturated with the Bible, they may arrive at the all-surpassing knowledge of Christ.

Here we consider especially the intelligent Catholic collegian who must meet those who know their Bible; who must have the ability to know and find readily those passages of Holy Scripture that are so frequently challenged either for theological truths or for literary effectiveness.

The recently-launched, attractively typographical edition of the New Testament in an inexpensive binding has made it possible for teachers in Catholic high schools to require each student to own an individual copy, and courses in the reading of these have already been inaugurated; facts which are, indeed, encouraging for the future college students.

There are, as all know, two methods of approaching the Bible: one, for theological study; the other, for literary study. While there are widely divergent interpretations of the Sacred Books, there is almost universal agreement upon the fact that the greatest of all literature is in the Bible; that the prototypes of practically every form of so-called modern literature are there, too. Must one be a Doctor of Divinity or a Doctor of Sacred Theology *before* he can appreciate the great literature of Sacred Scripture? Daily, those of us who have known the Bible from our youth, are turning up new facets of the incomparable gems that stud the golden cloth of biblical literature. Are we then to fail those who have not been so fortunate as to have learned to know and love *their* Bible?

My own experience in introducing the Bible as literature, as a literature, as a library, and as *The Book*, is entirely too recent and too limited to present conclusive data, but of this I am convinced: *now* is the time to emphasize the priceless worth of the literature of the Bible as the foundation of effective and powerful writing; as the treasure-house of all literature. Are we, as Catholic teachers in

Catholic schools, failing our students in that we are, to a great extent, depriving them of the heritage that is justly theirs?

A recent article, "A Layman Looks at Bible Courses" (*Christian Education*, Sept., 1942), is at once revealing and challenging. Gould Wickey interviews Edgar Hank Evans, who had endowed a chair of Bible and Christian Religion at Wabash College. Mr. Evans insisted that the church-related colleges have a distinct advantage over State controlled schools in that they can make their courses in Bible and in religion second to none in the curriculum. "They have no legal inhibitions. They all can do it!" he added emphatically. Mr. Evans was familiar with the "National Survey of Courses in the Bible and Religion in American Universities and Colleges," conducted under the auspices of the Council of Church Boards of Education, and published in the October, 1936, issue of *Christian Education*. Has such a survey of Bible courses in Catholic universities and colleges been made? It is true that professors of Religion occasionally, and even frequently, refer to or quote biblical passages to illustrate the lessons they are inculcating, but how many courses present the Bible as a literary monument—in fact as *the great monument of a race*, and that race *the people of God*?

In literature courses, students read Homer, Virgil, Dante (in translation), Milton, Shakespeare, Emerson, Whitman, Robinson . . . but the great literature of Genesis, Exodus, Isaiah, of the Psalms, Acts, the Apocalypse, and of the Wisdom Books, is too frequently left securely entrenched behind somber black covers. Students are required to purchase anthologies costing from \$3.50 to \$6. Is it too much to require them to pay from \$2.50 to \$5 for a personal copy of the Bible which should become their *vade mecum*?

Aside from the fact that the Bible is in itself *literature*, is a literature as truly as any national literature, is a library, and is *The Book*, it is *ipso facto* the source-book of all great literature. Lloyd Douglas' *The Robe* has already had a spectacular reception. Everyone has read or is reading it, yet how many are able to detect its inaccuracies, its anachronisms, its distortion of biblical facts, unless they themselves know the Bible?

Too readily have Catholic educationists taken for granted that, because some Bible History is taught in the elementary schools, all college students are equipped with sufficient biblical background for both college and their subsequent careers. A few illustrations may suffice to suggest just how erroneous such a conclusion may be. A group of students reading modern American poetry were unable to interpret Father Tabb's *To Lanier's Flute*:

When palsied at the pool of thought
The poet's words were found,
Thy voice the healing angel brought
To touch them into sound.

Because there were several nurses in the group, they were asked to explain the one slightly unusual word, *palsied*. All agreed it meant *trembling*, and suited the action to the word. But substituting *trembling* for *palsied* in the verse, they concluded,

did not make sense, so they sought further. To them the framework upon which the quatrain had been built was entirely unfamiliar, so it was necessary to resort to the Bible story.

College women, especially, sated with current novels, short-stories and features, are starved for truly great literature. Undoubtedly they are the sheep that look up to be fed. But let some of them speak for themselves:

I think that Thomas à Kempis in *The Following of Christ* has laid down the best rule to be followed when reading the Bible, whether from the theological or the literary point of view. He writes: "If I knew the whole Bible by heart, what would it avail me if I had not charity and the grace of God?" Although in this course our objective is to analyze and learn to appreciate the Bible as literature, it must never be forgotten that the Book is sacred, is dynamic, and so we must approach it humbly and with prayer.

Another:

I took this course for the simple reason that I wanted to read the Bible. I have heard people quote the Bible, and the Church interpret it, but I have never been able to say I had read it. This is a valuable course for the simple reason that the students do read the Bible and realize that it is not nearly as deep and dark as the covers would have them believe. All the subjects one studies refer constantly to the Bible and so, even to understand them, a biblical background is essential. It is really *The Book of books*, and so why should it not be studied? I think of the people of biblical times as people with the same passions, the same emotions, the same aspiration as people living today.

And still another:

To estimate the value of this course at present is almost impossible, for what is achieved here is something that daily becomes so much a part of you that it is difficult to seek it out and expose it to analysis. The purpose here is the study of the Bible from a purely literary point of view, but before we could do that we had to learn the background. We had to learn the answers to such questions as: "What is literature?" "What is style?" "How did the climate affect the people and the literature?" . . . and so we have seen and felt that the Bible is . . . and in addition, we not only derive literary and cultural values from this study, but we learn many lessons in religion.

Any teacher knows that he must build an approach to every work of literature he attempts to teach. He must in every way possible enrich the students' geographical, historical, psychological background, and often he must spend days and weeks doing this. Why cannot and should not this be done for the greatest of all literature, the Bible?

What an appropriate golden-jubilee tribute to *Providentissimus Deus*, and to its noble Christ-like author, would be our determination to encourage Bible-reading; to pray to the Holy Spirit to illuminate the minds of the readers so they may the more fully realize that His Word could have been presented only in the most sublime, the most attractive, and the most appropriate types of literature for all times and peoples; and prove to a materialistic and skeptical world that for us as Catholics the Bible is not a literature "smothered with reverence" but *the* supreme literature irradiated by the Holy Spirit; and that it is all Charles Dinsmore claims for it in his equation: "Truth plus beauty equals immortality."

BOOKS

SONGS OF, ON- AND OFF-KEY

THIS IS INDIA. By Peter Muir. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

A STEEL MAN IN INDIA. By John L. Keenan. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2.50

REPORT ON INDIA. By T. A. Raman. Oxford University Press. \$2.50

IT is impossible, reading the first book, not to throw up one's hands and ask if this is really India. No recent book has succeeded in making of India and its people such a baffling mess—it is confusion worse confounded. India is not a country but a "formless" sub-continent, inhabited not by Indians, but by Hindus, Moslems, Christians, Sikhs, Parsees and Jews, or by Madrasis, Bengalis, Pathans, Punjabis and a host of others. They speak a Babel of tongues and are divided into warring sects and factions. There is also the traditional parade of the Indian's weaknesses.

With this background spread through the disconnected chapters of a tourist-like book, the political parties and personalities are described and discussed. A strong case is made for the Muslims, the "Untouchables," the Princes and their leaders. The National Congress comes in for a devastating criticism. It is a purely Hindu party. Gandhi is a "fraud" and Nehru is a weakling dominated by his "hypnotic" influence. Documentary evidence is presented for Gandhi's pro-Japanese attitude and his "oriental blindness." Fair play does not seem to characterize the criticism of the Hindu and the Congress.

This being the case, what is the meaning of the slogans circulated in the United States: "India must be free," "India is our business," "Return India to the Indians"? "The Muslims will not accept the Hindu domination; the Untouchables are reasonable and willing to wait; the Indian states will not abnegate their treaty rights *vis-à-vis* Great Britain" (P. 174). Let America be sensible and realistic. American interest lies only in the strategic position of India for the United Nations' war; it is the British who are seeing to this. "The least we [Americans] can do is to give our moral backing to such necessary measures as the arrest of Gandhi and Co." (P. 172).

After the war, well, let India have her freedom, if she can solve her major problem, which is "triangular," and "involves, essentially, Hindus, Muslims and a central authority." Who will assume the central authority? Will it be the Congress? "It would be very tragic indeed to find democratic America putting her weight behind a movement—the Hindu movement—which represents the most autocratic attitude in the world."

Disconcerting is the dogmatic finality with which observations are made, conclusions drawn, problems posed and solved by the author who, by his own admission, knew little about India before his fifteen-months' stay as a correspondent and radio commentator. The book renders India only more puzzling and unsympathetic to the outsider. It is a book to be read by Indians; it will open their eyes to what they themselves have helped a foreigner to say about them and their country.

Book number two explodes the "Unchanging East" and the "East is East and West is West" phrases. It tells the story of how the thick jungle, west of Calcutta, has been transformed in thirty years into the largest steel-producing unit in the British Empire, a peer of its kind anywhere in the world—a sign of the changing India and of the happy union of East and West. The idea and the capital for the Tata Iron and Steel Company came from Indians, but its realization came through the collaboration mostly of American personnel from Gary, Indiana, and also of British and German engineers. At present, Tata's is the most potent single source of war material for the United Nations in the Near East.

In the sprawling, lusty pages of his book, Mr. Keenan tells not only of the chequered life of Tata's, but of his vast and varied experiences during his long stay in the country. He joined the Company in 1913 as a blast-furnace engineer and later became its general manager, a sort of "Irish-American Maharaja," retiring only quite recently. His personal stories and remarks about the simple workmen at the Mills, the bejewelled Maharaja or the mighty Mahatma, on religion, caste and cows, on Hindu-Moslem troubles, on India's political unrest, on its mineral wealth and industrial prospects, and many other topics told with humor, wit and wisdom, make as fascinating reading as a novel and as true as no novel can be. The stories come from a highly cultured, large-hearted, keen observer who is at the same time a matter-of-fact engineer and business executive.

The book merits a wide circulation. Tata's, the pride of every progressive Indian, sets the pattern for the sort of postwar cooperation which India would desire and willingly invite both in politics and in industry.

The *Report* has apparently all the marks of a competent, comprehensive and objective study. Mr. Raman is a noted Indian political correspondent, and covers the whole gamut of India's religious, cultural, social, economic and political history, ancient and modern, as a background indispensable for a proper appreciation of the so-called "complex Indian situation." A lengthy bibliographical note and an index complete the report.

What is of actual interest is the modern British-Indian history, especially of recent years. The author's report on this point reads very much like a defense of British Rule, thanks to which India has advanced in many respects more than the neighboring China. Care is taken to justify every momentous decision recently made by the Viceroy or the British Government concerning India. For instance, the Viceroy's declaration of Indian belligerency, without even consulting the elected representatives in spite of their avowed anti-Fascist sentiments, was constitutionally correct. The Cripps proposals offered the only workable plan during the war emergency. The attitude of the National Congress was either intransigent or inopportune. To his own question: "What does Britain get out of India today?" the author's answer is that Britain gets neither prestige, nor strategic or economic advantage, but that "India will benefit Britain mainly as a field for the investment of skill and enterprise in the future industrialization of the country" (P. 124). It is surprising to be told that the men in the Indian Army are more truly representative of India than all the Gandhis and the Nehrus (P. 199).

An advocate of the Dominion Status, Mr. Raman seems to believe that it will be granted to India after the war, unless the Indian leaders bungle the situation.

L. M. YEDDANAPALLI

DIXIE DEMOSTHENES

HENRY W. GRADY. By Raymond B. Nixon. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4

"SPOKESMAN of the New South," the author's subtitle, aptly sums up the life and work of one of the most outstanding men the South has produced since the Civil War. A great editor, superb orator, politician of exceptional honesty and foresight, showing real genius as an organizer and possessing a flair for showmanship, Henry W. Grady exerted an influence on public affairs equalled by few of his contemporaries.

Born at Athens, Georgia, in 1850, he grew up during the exciting and critical events of the late eighteen-

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fifties and the war years. He could remember the old South, yet he was young enough to be one of the generation which began life faced with the problem of building a new order upon the ruins of war and secession. How he faced that problem and what he tried to build is the theme of Dr. Nixon's interesting and scholarly book.

Early determining upon journalism as a career, Grady plunged into the work immediately upon finishing his education at the University of Virginia. An associate editor of the *Rome Courier* at nineteen, he bought his own paper a year later; in 1876 he joined the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution* and in a decade had built a small-town newspaper with a circulation of 3,600 into a national organ with over a hundred thousand subscribers. As an editor he ranks with Greeley, Dana and Bennett, but his newspaper was only one of many interests in his busy life. A fiery crusader for national reconciliation between North and South, and for the economic betterment of his section, he firmly believed that lasting improvement could result only from the balanced development of industry and agriculture. Constantly dining these ideas into the ears of farmers, business men and politicians, he organized agricultural and industrial expositions, promoted the building of railroads, factories and technical schools and strove to combat the evils of one-crop farming.

Although he would never run for public office himself, Grady was the unquestioned Czar of Georgia politics during the 'Eighties, and through his writings and speeches extended his political influence far beyond the borders of his own State. Today, however, he is remembered, when remembered at all, chiefly as an orator; he was one of the most outstanding of his generation. From his school days he attracted attention by the earnestness and charm of his manner, the clarity of his thought and what was, for those days, a simplicity and directness of style; his fame and influence grew greater each year until his famous oration the "New South," given in New York in 1884, made him a national figure.

But the pace was too fast and furious to last. The constant grind of newspaper work, political activities, speechmaking and organizing everything from Chautauquas to baseball leagues, soon caused a breakdown and he died in 1889 at the early age of thirty-nine. Grady's untimely death was a heavy blow to the economic and political development of Georgia and the whole South; for it left the political field to such unprincipled demagogues as Tom Watson and Hoke Smith, who for the next thirty years were the disgrace of their State and section.

F. J. GALLAGHER

RE-READABLE MEMORIAL

LONG, LONG AGO. By Alexander Woolcott. The Viking Press. \$2.75

THIS is indeed a friendly book. It has something of Washington Irving, but when it appears, the pace is a little more rapid: incidents of moderate amusement "upped" to the hilarious by puckishly incongruous expression. It has, in places, something of Seneca's satire, but never prolonged or needing the author's vigorous protest that "he, too, is like the rest of men." Woolcott had many friendships. He enjoyed them all. He adds the reader to the "two" that are "company" and the resultant "crowd" is still most enjoyable.

His chapter on "The Sage of Fountain Inn" will make the reader quite enthusiastic about "Freedom of the Press" in a rather unusual sense of that phrase. His concluding chapter, "Quite a Proposition," will be practically a lovely revival of the play, *Green Pastures*, in the memory of those who saw it. Nor in his enthusiastic appraisal of the play does Woolcott fail to point out the not infrequent instances where race prejudice blocked or badgered the cast in its performances. At this point Woolcott belabors that very ugly thing with exquisite bludgeoning:

Lubbock, Texas, has the dubious distinction of being the one town in America to ban the play. The senior high school is the only building there with an auditorium equal to the occasion, and the local school board would not suffer its pollution by Harrison and his fellow-players, even though the actors affably agreed to pitch tents outside for use as dressing-rooms and thus confine their soiling presence in the building to the actual work on the stage.

If true, then independently of the population of Lubbock at the time, Woolcott makes it clear that, in the sense of the word most invidious, Lubbock was a small town.

One will usually follow Woolcott in his estimates of men and things. But, for instance, one knows that Chesterton had a much better judgment of the worth of his friend, George Bernard Shaw, than had friend Woolcott. Too, Woolcott makes H. G. Wells and his "apostolate" a little more understandable, but many will not kneel so long nor bow so low before Wells' greatness.

"Annie Sullivan Macy," an account of the famed Helen Keller's teacher, is the high point of the book. It shows, and shows with beauty and pathos, that even in Miss Keller's case, "the disciple was not greater than the mistress." Both were great.

The book cannot be read and not liked. It has at least some little ring of the classic: it can be re-read; it is provocative of profitable thought. JOHN B. BROLAN

THE LOCUSTS. By Otto Schrag. Translated from the German by Richard Winston. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3

IN 1935, the author paid a brief visit to our Western States and, having heard of the destruction caused there by locusts a couple of generations before, he determined to write a novel on the subject. Returning to Germany, he was for a time occupied with trying to keep out of the clutches of the Nazis, finally escaping from an internment camp and reaching the United States. He has a gift for minute description of things and events and for working up powerful dramatic episodes. But in telling this story of Kansas he is on ground too remote from his own experiences and he fails to give a true picture of either the land or the people.

The general tone seems to come from present-day Europe with its war fever and nervous tension always on the verge of hysteria; when applied to the Kansas farmer this is so extreme that it soon degenerates into the comical. The central group of farmers is a colony of Mennonites, a Bible sect, who have the Old Testament as their chief guide and support and live in its atmosphere, looking to God for temporal blessings only, and at the threat of failure prone to take Him to task for deserting them. Among them is a young woman hostile to the group's religious outlook because she has fallen in love with an outsider; she turns into a visionary and wins her way into the esteem of the others by notable service in the fight against the locusts. She is upheld by her faith in a wandering Mormon prophet who imagines he has a Divine mission to destroy the locusts.

Other prominent characters are a reformed saloon-dancer, some money-lenders who hope to cash in on the distress of the farmers, and the dying wife of a lucky gold prospector who attaches herself to the Mormon prophets. The story is cumbersome and offends good taste by indulging freely in vulgar terms.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

THIS FASCINATING LUMBER BUSINESS. By Stanley F. Horn. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.75

IT is a welcome relief from reading class-conscious literature to turn to this romantic study that cuts vertically through all divisions of American life. The war, the postwar plans and the widespread interest in reforming society seem to make the present a time of absorption in all kinds of social and political speculation. Stanley Horn takes us down from this high-tower type of dreaming and leads us through the lanes of ordinary things. In a word, he makes us see the trees in

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Here, then, is America as one finds it when he leaves the metropolitan office and wanders over the land. And the discovery has its own thrill no less than its lesson to the man who would know his country.

The book is fascinating. John Smith began the business—though of course not for all America, seeing that our Spanish and Portuguese brothers were shipping precious woods to the Iberian peninsula before the northern peoples ever thought of crossing to a new home on our Atlantic shores. The growth of the thirteen Colonies was certainly conditioned by the stand of timber in their hills and meadows, and the tale is well worth the telling. After a ramble over this territory, the author settles down to painting the forestry of our great lumber areas in the West and South. Manufacturing, distribution and retailing engage most of his attention, until in an informative appendix he describes the associations which guide current activities.

The reader would have liked more of the tall tales of Paul Bunyan and of the Bret Harte who celebrated in verse many of our lumber epics. A great condensation in style sometimes slows the narrative. But it is straightforward and genuine, and it is profusely illustrated with excellent photography. Once opened, the book will be laid down only with regret. W. EUGENE SHIELDS

GET TOGETHER AMERICANS. By Rachel Davis DuBois.

Harper and Bros. \$1.75

TO the young man who asked: "Who is my neighbor?" came the story of the Good Samaritan. To those of us who recognize in racial prejudice a real flaw in our democracy, Mrs. DuBois has addressed a book in which she displays the possibilities of little neighborhood gatherings in which conscious effort is made to bring in representatives of the various racial strains united by their own experience in some sort of festival. A leader, as she describes it, must be a person who can draw out the unique qualities of each one's contribution as he or she describes the family custom in regard to some experience like the planting in the spring, the gathering-in of the harvest in the fall, the New-Year celebration, and other festivals. So many of our cherished celebrations have roots that go back into the human experience of our history that it enriches our concept of them and makes us feel the common thread by which we recognize that "above all nations is humanity."

To those who would be glad to meet in neighborly fashion and expand the concept of "neighbor," the book will be found suggestive and stimulating, and in a world such as ours today, when we must grasp tight hold of our common heritage, it is exceedingly timely.

Conferences of the heads of nations in some far-off place are very good, but the challenge to us in our own place of residence to do something about it is insistent as we look at the world-to-be after the firing has ceased.

L. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD

JOHN B. BROLAN, formerly of the reviewing staff at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, is now at Santa Barbara, Calif.

WILLIAM A. DOWD is a professor at Saint Mary of the Lake, Mundelein, Ill.

L. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD is Chairman of the National Urban League.

MUSIC

CHRISTMAS RECORDINGS. Much of the liturgical music that has been recorded is not available at present because of war conditions; but the old favorite, *Adeste Fideles*, sung by John McCormack (Victor 6607-A) and accompanied by orchestra is obtainable and is as popular as ever, even though Victor made it a number of years ago. A new recording of *Gesù Bambino*, by the late Pietro Yon, has been issued (Victor 15824-A), played by Charles Courboin on the organ at the Academy of Arts and Letters in New York City. Much as I admire Yon's compositions, I cannot recommend this recording, as it does not have the clarity of rendition needed to make it effective.

In my search, I found an interesting orchestral medley of Christmas carols recorded by Marek Weber for Victor (36188-A). In fact, it was the only medley for orchestra that I could find devoted to the Christmas season. This is well recorded, and the carols are arranged by someone who knows how to blend instruments and to lead harmonic voices.

From the vocal standpoint, there are many single discs of carols arranged as medleys. Trinity Choir has recorded one for Victor (35788-A), including *Christians Awake*, *Silent Night*, *The First Nowell* and others; but I can recommend with much more enthusiasm the album that Columbia has issued (C-94), by the Lyn Murray Singers. Every word is perfectly audible, and that is something to say for a recording. The album contains four discs, recording eight carols; they are sung unaccompanied.

A less impressive album is the new Victor issue (D-42), *Carols of the English Yuletide*, by Emil Cote and the Victor Chapel Choir. Mr. Cote is also a choral director of considerable distinction and is known for his radio groups; but this work does not have the vigor or precision of the Lyn Murray release and you will not find the music as interesting.

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, an orchestra, a glee club and soloists give us an *Album of Christmas Songs* through Decca Records (A-350). The old favorites are recorded in the style peculiar to Waring; this is the style that made him popular on the air, and his public will like this album, which is well arranged vocally. Again I must mention the good diction—so desirable a quality and so frequently neglected.

On the popular side, Bing Crosby presents an *Album of Christmas Music* on Decca Records (A-159). Crosby sings *Silent Night* and *Adeste Fideles*. It is quite a jump from John McCormack's *Adeste Fideles* to Crosby's, but the public generally receives what it demands. Ever since Crosby recorded Irving Berlin's *White Christmas*, *Let's Start the New Year Right* (Decca 18429-A) and *I'll Be Home for Christmas* (Decca 18570-A), they have wanted more Christmas music by Crosby, and Bing tries his best to oblige.

Here is an album for the children that they will want to play over and over. John Nesbitt narrates the *Miracle Story*, *The Story of the Juggler of Our Lady* (Decca A-357). While the narration is most interesting, a charming choir frequently relieves the speaker. Mr. Nesbitt first performed this work on the radio in 1938, and it was so well received that he has now recorded it with the clear speaking voice that has made him a prominent commentator.

And now for the good music lover, I recommend the *Christmas Concerto*, by Corelli, or rather the *Concerto Grosso in G Minor* as played by Bruno Walter and the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Victor M-600). Even though this work stands on its own feet, we are told that Corelli aimed at a tonal picture of the angels hovering over Bethlehem, a counter-part of Botticelli's famous *Nativity* in London.

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MISS CORNELL'S NEW PLAY. Dodie Smith's play, *Lovers and Friends*, in which Katherine Cornell has opened her New York season at the Plymouth Theatre as both star and co-producer, is no inspired offering.

This is almost the first fact that strikes its audiences, which are used to better plays by Miss Smith. The second fact that stands out is that, however the play may develop, the spectators are going to have a pleasant evening. For *Lovers and Friends* is doing to Miss Cornell what several weak plays in her experience have done for her in the past. It is showing how triumphantly she can carry even a fairly trivial piece of work, and how she can hypnotize her audiences into the conviction that they are seeing a masterpiece. They are, but the masterpiece is Miss Cornell's acting of an uninspired role.

She not only makes that role interesting and even plausible in the play's third act and epilogue, but she brings out the best work of all her fellow players. This characteristic of hers I have observed in every play she has given us, but never so strongly as in a faltering play to which she cannot only lend strength and stature herself, but to which she can summon without obvious effort the best work of those around her.

Several times I have seen her save a play in this way, and that process has made the play much more interesting to me than many a beautifully written and perfectly acted production.

There is much one is asked to swallow in *Lovers and Friends* which, with less inspired acting, would go down hard. We are asked to believe, for example, that in a quarter of an hour Miss Cornell falls desperately in love with a stranger on a park bench, that she marries him and is ideally happy for twelve years, and that he then falls in love with a young girl and tells his wife he wants her to divorce him; that she herself then conveniently falls in love with the author of a play in which she is acting, that she has intended to marry him but gives him up, though with a reluctant heart, to return to the husband who has discovered what sort of person his new love really is. True, the wife has two young sons, always conveniently away at school. The audience never sees them and, so far as the play is concerned, they never encounter their mother and have nothing to do with her decision to forgive her straying husband.

We raise skeptical eye-brows over much of this, but Miss Cornell convinces us that it could all happen and that it is indeed happening before our eyes.

The acting is admirable throughout the play, and Raymond Massey, as the husband, is an especially convincing Lothario. Anne Burr is rather dimly drawn as the maiden home-wrecker, and Carol Goodner does excellent work as a former flame of the husband, promoted to the position of his wife's best friend.

I refuse to become enthusiastic over the acting of Henry Daniell with whom the wife falls in love. Many of his lines are witty, but his acting seems to me stiff and wooden throughout.

John C. Wilson is co-producer with Miss Cornell, and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, directed the play. He had some problems! Motley supplied the sets and costumes, which are charming.

But *Lovers and Friends* is first, last and all the time Katherine Cornell. That is quite all right with most of us.

GET AWAY OLD MAN. Once more a play by William Saroyan has passed from the New York stage after a fortnight's run. This time it was *Get Away Old Man*, beautifully produced by George Abbott at the Cort Theatre and admirably acted by a capital cast. There's another lesson in this—for Mr. Saroyan. His public is very patient, and that brilliant young man really must learn to follow expert advice!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

DESTINATION, TOKYO. Based on the newspaper stories of one American submarine's perilous visit to Japan, this picture proves that sometimes truth seems stranger than fiction. Exciting, breath-taking drama is built around the exploits of an undersea craft that lurked off the coast of Nippon, evaded submarine nets in the harbor, and escaped numerous depth charges, meanwhile taking a heavy toll of enemy shipping. There is a tingling tenseness when the submarine comes to the surface under the cover of darkness and the personnel watch life on Japanese soil. Though the setting and situations are replete with drama, the stories of the crew members have been cleverly injected. The adventurous voyage starts at Christmas time and the reactions of the different members of the crew are interestingly delineated. Cary Grant is most effective and impressive in the role of a devoted husband and father who cannot eliminate loneliness from his history-making venture. John Garfield gives a fine characterization of a sailor who is true to the generally accepted Navy tradition—a girl in every port. Here is a novel kind of war film, where excitement ranks high on its list of assets. All the members of the family are guaranteed worthwhile theatre in this one. (Warner Brothers)

WHAT A WOMAN. Though this is out-and-out escapism, it is regrettable that the picture does not provide something more substantial than a bubble as a means of escape. Too often the flimsy affair threatens to burst and leave nothing at all, not even laughter to hang on to. However, as spotty comedy, with gay bits here and there, the production has its moments. Rosalind Russell is cast as a high-pressure theatrical agent who meets her nemesis when she sets out to transform the writer of a sensational, rather trashy best-seller, a college professor of football-hero proportions, into a Hollywood heart throb. Brian Aherne, as a cynical and bored magazine writer, sees a chance to deflate one overcharged career woman, meanwhile dissipating the lady's romantic aloofness himself. Willard Parker gives a fine performance as the synthetic cinema idol who upsets the appletart of his creator. Adults will be mildly amused by this farce. (Columbia)

GOVERNMENT GIRL. Straining for laughter amidst the mad goings-on in wartime Washington does not succeed here in producing a good comedy. Slapstick situations and a tragic dose of overacting by Olivia de Havilland add up to mediocre entertainment. As an attractive Government stenographer, Miss de Havilland, an expert on behind-the-scenes red tape, is assigned to Sonny Tufts as the new efficiency man who is to straighten things out in the bomber division. She saves the straight-forward fellow's neck when he steps on professional politicians' toes, and of course promotes her own romance successfully. This is recommended to mature audience as passable, but over-exaggerated fun. (R.K.O.-Radio)

THE CROSS OF LORRAINE. A too-vivid translation of the horrors of Nazi prison-camps marks this offering. Following the fortunes of an intrepid group of French soldiers who surrendered at the German armistice with the fall of France, the film records their tortures at the hands of their barbaric captors, with eventual escape and a stronger determination to fight the enemy. The capable cast is headed by Jean Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and they manage to put over the story with abundant realism. Even though the offering may duplicate actual viciousness, and it has dramatic merit, objection must be taken to its presentation of excessive brutality. (MGM) MARY SHERIDAN

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PARADE

INSTANCES of irritability, springing, it was believed, from jumpy nerves, erupted on a far-flung scale. . . . In Waipahu, Hawaii, a citizen, after losing five straight games of checkers, bit off the tip of his opponent's nose. . . . At Shamokin, Pa., a miner, finding dinner all over when he returned home late from work, blew up his house. . . . In Pueblo, Colo., a couple in a restaurant, refused service because the closing hour was near, took the key from the door on their way out, locked the place on the outside. The back door, little used, was fastened, and the key could not be found. Fifteen customers and the restaurant staff had to climb out a back window. . . . A Jacksonville, Fla., housewife, awakened by the noise a burglar made as he started leaving the house through her bedroom window, inquired: "Who's there?" Irritated by her question, the Jacksonville burglar, loaded with money and jewelry, shot back the question: "Will you shut up?" and left without waiting for her reply. . . . Profound emotions were manifested. . . . In Hartford, Conn., a woman handed over \$500 for a War Bond, revealing she had been saving the money for a divorce but that she hated Hitler more than she did her husband, though not a great deal more. . . . Some demonstrations ended unfortunately. . . . In Philadelphia, a bullet ricocheted off a bathtub and grazed the head of a man about to enter the Army. He had been showing his wife how to use his revolver to protect herself. . . . In North Carolina, a woman demonstrator, after showing a school how to patch pockets and insert new pockets in old clothing, lost a ten-dollar bill through a hole in her own pocket.

Police were kept quite active. . . . In Denver, passersby observed a patrolman leap out of a loaded patrol wagon, dance around a while, then feverishly tear away part of his trouser leg. A rat had run up his leg in the patrol wagon. . . . In Danville, Va., a thief got into the police headquarters, stole \$135.65, money being held as evidence. . . . A feminine Chicago reporter called up her paper from a police station, reported a robbery. Five minutes later, she called her paper again, reported that while she had been describing the first robbery from the police-telephone booth, twenty-five dollars had been stolen from her purse. . . . Answering a frantic wife's report that her husband had shot himself, a Wilmington, N.C., patrolman rushed to the home, found the husband lying in the yard, his shirt covered with a shotgun and deep red stains. The husband whispered to the police: "Boys, I'm only playing a trick on my wife. This stuff on my shirt is catsup." The husband won a ride on the Black Maria to the police station, charged with discharging firearms within the city limits. . . . An Arkansas citizen, desiring to skip army life, requested his wife to write a letter to the draft board stating he was the support of the family. The wife wrote the following letter: "Dear United States Army: My husband asked me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but raise hell and drink lemon-essence since I married him eight years ago, and I got to feed seven kids of his. He's good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome."

Woman continued overrunning the field of Man. . . . The city jailer of Pueblo, Colo., reported that for the first time in the prison's history there were no males in the cells, only female. . . . Years ago, a wise man declared: "Woman's place is in the home." . . . Like many truisms, this one has come in for much ridicule. . . . The recent avalanche of horrible reports on juvenile delinquency is beginning to convince many people that woman's place really is in the home—that the Mother is more important than the Welder.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

FATHER MCGUCKEN

EDITOR: May I offer a tribute to Rev. William J. McGucken, S. J., whose death was reported in "Comment on the Week" (AMERICA, Nov. 20)?

In the National Society for the Study of Education, Forty-First Yearbook, Part I, entitled "Philosophies of Education," Father McGucken contributed the section on the Philosophy of Catholic Education.

I am deeply indebted to Father McGucken for this lucid epitome of the Philosophy of Catholic Education, which I have recommended to many students who have asked me for a statement of the fundamental tenets of Catholic educational policies.

The confusion in many professional educational writings is so evident that, in a short time after publication, interpretations must appear to clarify the confusion which should not have been present in the first instance. This cannot be said of the thirty-seven pages of the tenets of Catholic Education written by Father McGucken in his clear, logical and unmistakable language.

The "Philosophy of Catholic Education" by Father McGucken should be in pamphlet form for ready reference.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRANK P. FITZSIMONS

[EDIT. NOTE: The Editors are glad to announce that the AMERICA PRESS has secured the publication rights to this article.]

MASS CRUETS

EDITOR: Not long ago I bought cruets to give to a Tabernacle society. Of course, they were of glass. When I tried the stoppers, to find out if they fitted well and firmly, I was told that tight stoppers were dangerous, as they sometimes splintered and particles of glass fell into the wine used at Mass. The suggestion was made to use corks, or to shield the stoppers with elastic or rubber. It is difficult now to get cork, elastic or rubber.

After all these years, why have not the manufacturers of these cruets discovered some way to make them safe? To conform with the rules of the Church, the cruets should be of glass, but for safety's sake could not the stoppers be of unbreakable plastic or lucite?

New York, N. Y.

ETHEL KING

NURSES NEEDED

EDITOR: In a letter to the *New York Times*, December 1, a correspondent urged the drafting of single women between twenty and thirty for the WAC and other services. In the same issue, a news dispatch carried a letter from Commander McQuaid, a Catholic Chaplain from Guadalcanal, who wrote: "The medical officers in New Zealand, where I was transferred by ship, were handicapped by lack of nurses. There were thousands of casualties, but only a handful of extremely capable Army nurses to give that necessary womanly touch and comfort to the thousands of maimed and burned bodies." New York has the poorest record of any State for recruiting nurses for the armed forces and pleads for women, through the Red Cross, to enter nursing service—which plea is echoed by the wounded whose lives were saved by prompt and efficient medical attention.

Would it not be well for all news services to call the attention of their readers to the necessity for women

to play first the role assigned to them by nature, before entering services to take the place of men? The service ranks should be filled by volunteers if the need is there; but what more crying need than the plea expressed in the message of the Chaplain? How long must this tortured world wait for women to realize their duty to humanity to be *women*, equipped to be companion, consoler and inspiration to man by reason of the physical, psychological, emotional and spiritual qualities with which they are endowed at birth?

New York, N. Y.

(MRS.) MARY SHEA GIORDANO

ANTI-SUBSIDY

EDITOR: Evidently the rather naive answers to some of the strong arguments against the Administration's food-subsidy program, incorporated in your editorial, aptly captioned *Continue Subsidies*, were only blank cartridges, at least as far as the House was concerned. By a vote of 278 to 117, the House registered its considered hostility to the entire food-subsidy machination, founded on the conviction that this indirect and devious method of price control would not prevent inflation, but would do just the contrary in the long run.

Ordinarily I admit that subsidies are an efficient weapon against inflation where special conditions obtain, as in Canada and Great Britain. But in the United States such conditions do not obtain. For instance, there is no "over-all" authority governing prices and wages in our country. The Administration has seen to that!

In the final analysis, what difference does it make whether I pay for my food out of my right pocket or out of my left? Certainly this maneuver is not going to reduce or increase the amount of money in circulation, nor is it going to increase or decrease production. You say: "If subsidies are not paid, the cost of living will advance immediately, perhaps as much as four per cent." Well, an anti-subsidy adherent could retort: "If you pay subsidies now, instead of courageously freezing wages, etc., then your future taxes will leap to more than four per cent in the very near future."

As to your answer to what might be termed the emotional appeal for the rejection of the proposed subsidies, I am tempted to say with Newman that we are more frequently led by our emotions than by our logic. In the instance, it may be that our emotions are on the right side of the fence.

Baltimore, Md.

JOSEPH J. AYD, S.J.

[EDIT. NOTE: The question of subsidies is discussed in this week's editorial, entitled *Hold That Line*.]

WHO COINED "SOCIALITES?"

EDITOR: For at least ten years past I have been writing to the press, protesting against the use of that abominable word, "socialite," invented to describe those persons with more money than most of us who spend a great deal of time in resorts of the underworld called "night clubs," drinking cocktails. Alas! to no avail. I now find the word in the highly respectable *Saturday Review of Literature*. Not only that, but the editorial contributor who used it defends the word, saying that it is "authentic."

Authenticated by whom? Herbert Bayard Swope, Joe Louis, Ely Culbertson or Walter Winchell? Certainly not by Nicholas Murray Butler, Bruce Bliven or Wendell Willkie.

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THE WORD

SAINT JOHN, the Gospel for the last Sunday of Advent tells us, "went into all the region about the Jordan, preaching a baptism of repentance for the forgiveness of sins." (Luke 3, 1-6.)

There is nothing soft in Saint John or in his preaching. He lived a penitential life and he preached penance, well knowing that human beings do not take easily to penance. It means, first of all, an acknowledgment of our wrong-doing, and we so love to make excuses for ourselves. It means turning our backs on wrong-doing, and wrong-doing is often so attractive, even profitable. We can even reach the stage of canonizing our wrong-doing. It means "making up" for the wrong we have done, making up to our fellow men whom we have wronged, making up to God against whose goodness we have sinned. It means recognizing the inevitability of justice, a big phrase which merely means that "you never get away with anything," that every single sin must be paid in suffering, our suffering and the suffering of others, in this life or in the next. It means acknowledging that many of our troubles and our sufferings are of our own making, sin-caused. We bring them on ourselves. We deserve them. And admitting that takes away the joy of blaming others, of blaming the age in which we live, of blaming God. It takes away not only the joy of complaining. It takes away complaining.

The spirit of penance means still more. It means a willingness to take the hard things of life and offer them up to God as a means of making up for our sins and the sins of others. It means a willingness to accept punishment and to punish ourselves for our sins.

Hard as it seems, it is a very natural and a very human thing. Even one of the pagan philosophers wrote something to the effect that next to never doing any wrong at all, the greatest of human joys was to make up for the wrong we have done. The very youngest child spontaneously crawls into Mother's lap to make up with an extra loving hug for being naughty. Mothers take advantage of this human trait and say: "Look now, you have made mother cry." The husband, who in an unreasonable fit of bad temper because of burned toast literally blows out of the house in the morning, is soon sorry and just as soon wants to make up for his temper. So he cuts down on his lunch or he denies himself the bottle of beer he likes to take at the end of a day's work, and he buys a flower or two or a box of candy to make up to his wife for the flare-up of the morning. He knows that his making up is worth all the more when it really costs him something. And, strangely enough, it ceases to be a matter of justice alone; it ceases to be merely penance. It becomes an act of love. It becomes, as the pagan philosopher knew, a joy to be able to make up for the wrong we have done.

That joy is possible to us today only because Christ came to earth to live for us, to die for us, and in dying made up to God for the sins we had committed. No act of ours could have satisfied. Without the making up of Christ on the Cross we could never have regained the friendship of God. It was a double love that induced Him to this great act of reparation. He loved the Father and He wanted to make up for the insults we had offered God. He loved us and He wanted to save us from the dire punishment that our sins naturally deserve.

On the Cross in our name He offered Himself as a gift of reparation for the sins of the world. Daily on the altar He offers the same gift of reparation, and He offers us the chance to make the offering with Him, and to join our gifts of reparation, our penances, our sufferings with His "for our salvation and for that of the entire world." It is only when offered with Christ and through Christ that our prayers and penances are valuable and acceptable before God.

J. P. D.

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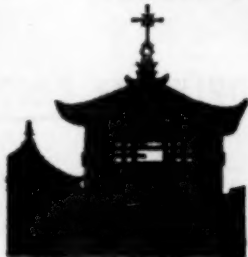
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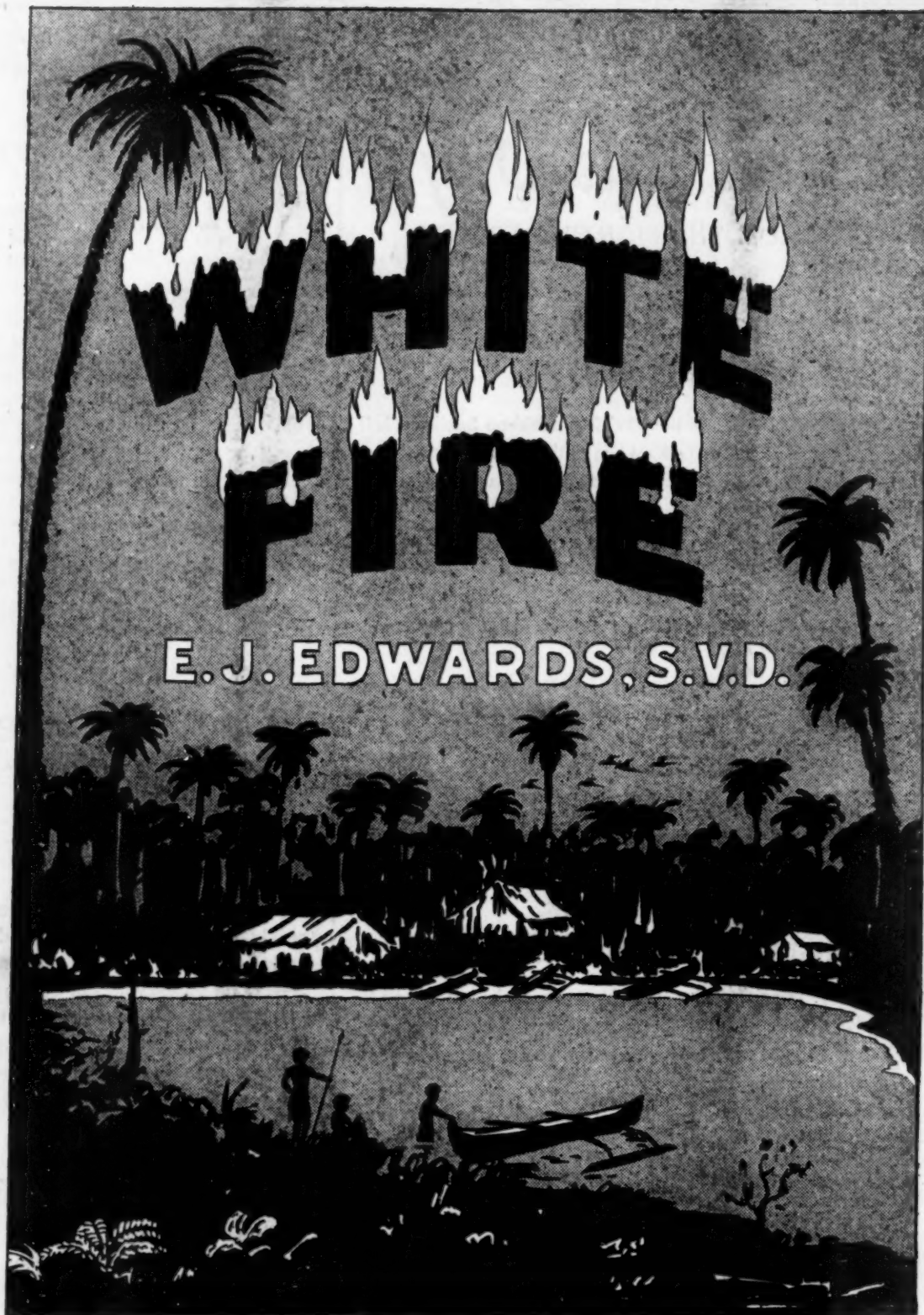
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